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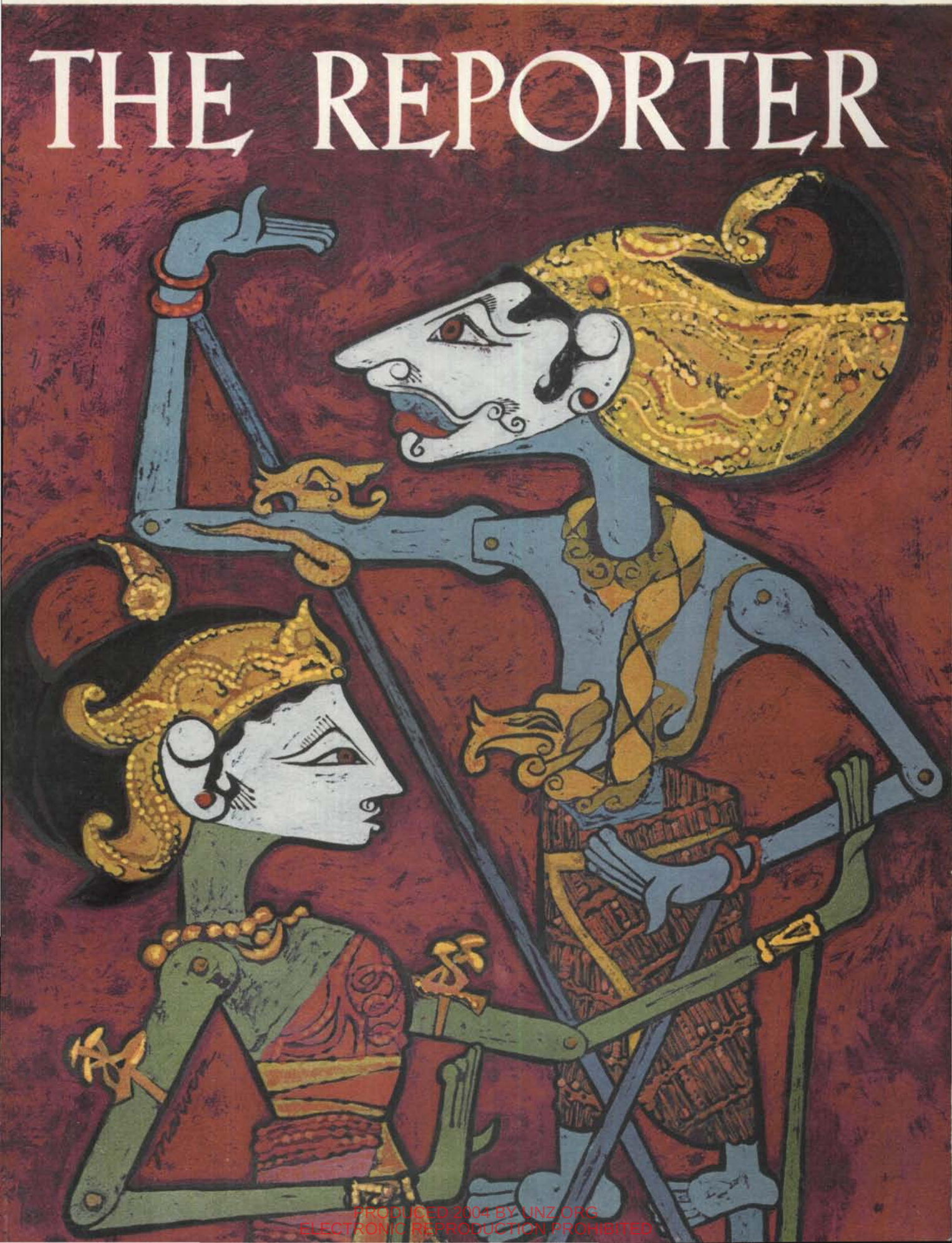

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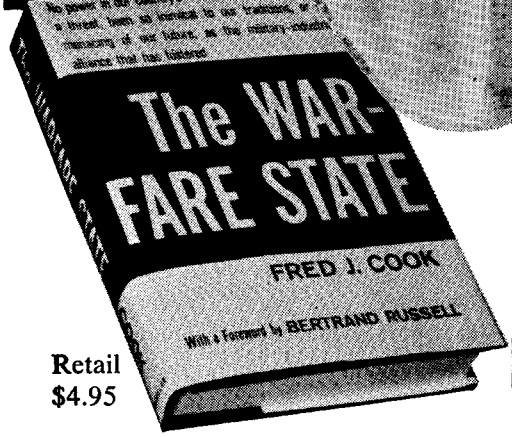

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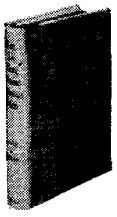

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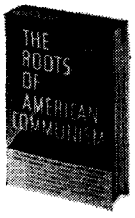

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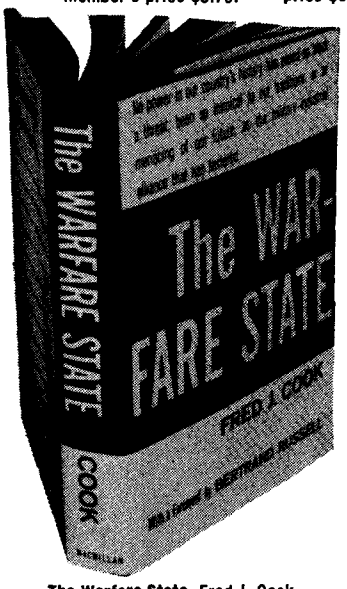

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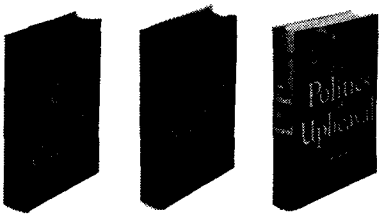

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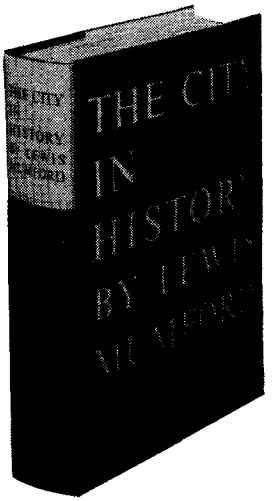

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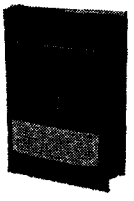

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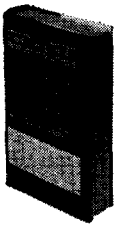

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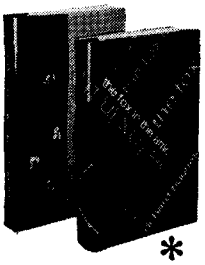

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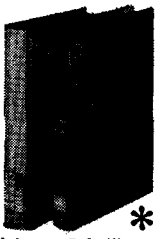

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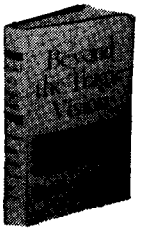

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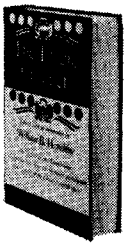

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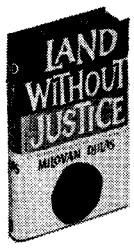

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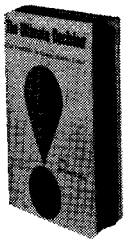

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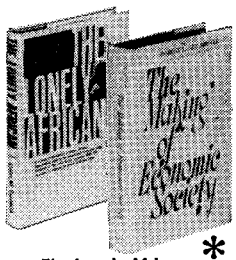

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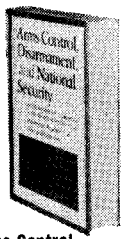

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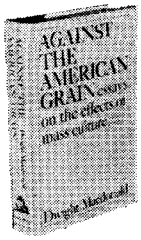

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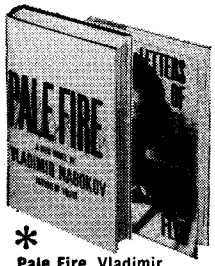

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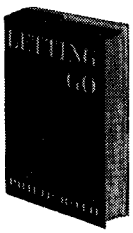

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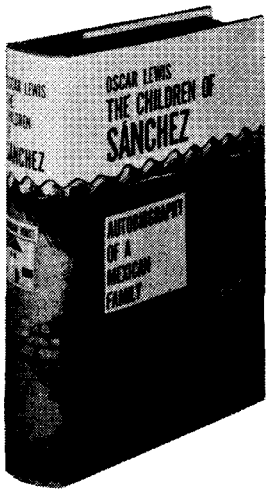

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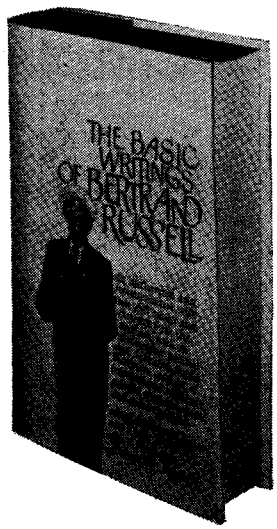

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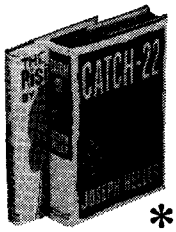

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

One of the complaints that have been leveled against this administration and its predecessor is that there has been a lack of policy in dealing with our Communist opponents and with our allies. This, we hasten to say, is grossly unfair. There is not *a* policy in Washington, there are scores of them. Washington is crawling with policies. The only trouble seems to be that even after Cuba all these policies do not make themselves felt by our opponents or even by the American public. **Max Frankel,** of the New York *Times* Washington Bureau, comments on this peculiar situation. . . . One of the most hailed policies of the administration is the Alliance for Progress. Among all the nations of Latin America none used to be more progressive than Argentina. **Gladys Delmas,** an American living in Latin America, reports on the present wretched condition of this once prosperous country. . . . **Rowland Evans, Jr.,** of the New York *Herald Tribune* Washington staff, describes the labor pains of democracy in the Dominican Republic.

As the split between the Soviet Union and China widens, China's aggressiveness is tested out on its neighbors. Burma, a nation that has been notoriously superneutral, now has to attempt a new experiment, managing to keep on good terms with the two Communist powers or blocs of powers. But this means, of course, moving far to the left. **Jerry A. Rose** is an American free-lance writer in the Far East. . . . The invasion of Himalayan territory has caused turmoil among India's Communist leaders. There seems no doubt that the Communist Party of India has chosen the Russian brand of Communism over the Chinese. **Donald Kirk** writes from New Delhi, where he is studying at the Indian School of International Studies on a Fulbright scholarship. . . . Darlington, South Carolina, is now the center of one of the most important labor-relations debates for many years. **Richard Gorrell** is a reporter for Fairchild Publications in Washington. . . . **John Ed Pearce,** who is with the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* reports on the bleak prospects for the miners of the eastern Kentucky coal fields.

Reiko Nagura was born in Japan and is now living in Germany, where she is working on a novel. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** *The Jazz Life* (Dial) is now also available in paperback (Apollo). . . . If any friends of Emkwig or Dwowty Mifswissimin of London, England, should chance upon this issue, would they please communicate in block capitals with **Hayes Jacobs,** free-lance writer and would-be correspondent, care of *The Reporter.* . . . **Edward Jablonski's** son David assisted him in researching his article. Mr. Jablonski is presently working on a book to be called *B-17.* . . . Among **M. L. Rosenthal's** books is *A Primer of Ezra Pound* (Macmillan).

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE RUSSIANS

To the Editor: Priscilla Johnson ("Old Terror and New Doubts," *The Reporter*, December 6) has given a very subtle, truthful, and clear picture of the state of mind of Soviet intellectuals in their search for greater variety and elbow room. Max Frankel's satire ("An Epistolary Merry-go-Round") hits the point very well. I too have been wondering just what topics would be suitable for quick and easy agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union!

PHILIP E. MOSELY
Council on Foreign Relations, Inc.
New York

LINCOLN CENTER

To the Editor: I read Roland Gelatt's article about the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall ("Art, Science, or Just Plain Luck?," *The Reporter*, December 20) with great interest. You attribute to me the statement: "There is a changing concept in sound. A modern concert hall needn't sound like a hall of 1850." This remark was made by one of the listeners at the opening concert and, it is obvious from my book, does not represent my belief. At the September 24 press conference I discussed it as having come from someone else, but the phrase "one listener said" was unfortunately dropped in the newspapers.

LEO L. BERANEK
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Mr. Gelatt makes an alarming proposal. He suggests that we keep the old Metropolitan Opera House until the new replacement is built and until it proves itself. The question comes to mind what happens if the new Met is a "lemon." Is Lincoln Center to be stuck with a multi-million-dollar white elephant? We must accept Lincoln Center for better or for worse. The old Met must be razed. There is no room for "standby replacements."

MILES WORTMAN
New York

INTEGRATED ARMY

To the Editor: I have read with interest the article "Our Integrated Army" by Robert E. Schweitz in the November 22, 1962, issue of *The Reporter*.

Only a few lines are devoted to the problems of the National Guard and Army Reserve. The statement that "both have some elements of local control" is peculiarly true of the National Guard. While progress in the integration of Guard units may not be as rapid as might be wished by many, the fact remains that progress is being made.

I do not profess to be an expert in this highly involved and complex, not to say emotionally charged, field of racial relationships. I can truthfully say that I feel that the National Guard is well in the vanguard of the organizations working toward the recognition of individuals on the basis of merit and capacity, and without regard to race, religion, or national origin.

D. W. McGOWAN
Major General
Chief, National Guard Bureau
Washington, D.C.

LIBERIA

To the Editor: Mr. Tom Sterling is entitled to frame his own generalizations about Liberia, and you are entitled to print them, just as I am entitled to draw comfort from the fact that many other observers from abroad have painted a far more favorable picture of my country.

What discourages me is Mr. Sterling's lack of understanding of the peculiar perils and problems which confronted the small and lonely republic during a long period when its independence was precariously maintained and its revenues were exiguous. If his approach had been more sympathetic, his phraseology might not, in several places, have taken on a flippant tone, wounding to the susceptibilities of a reader such as myself and not essential to the clarification of his ideas. You can tell a good friend what you think his failings are without making fun of them.

In your introduction of Mr. Sterling you say he writes of the "weird and wonderful world of President Tubman." Perhaps the two adjectives are intended to cancel each other out or maybe both are used in a satirical sense. However that may be, it is my feeling that a great deal of American comment on Africa would be more helpful to good relations between that continent and the United States if the emphasis on what appears "weird" were less oppressively apparent.

S. EDWARD PEAL, Ambassador
Embassy of the Republic
of Liberia
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Tom Sterling concluded his article on "Tubman's Paradise" with the statement that "There is no doubt that the country [Liberia] has made more progress in almost every way during the eighteen years of his [Tubman's] presidency than it had in the hundred years that went before." Yet the article says very little about that phenomenal progress. For example:

1. In 1926 Liberia borrowed $2.5 million from the Firestone Company. In 1933 total exports were only $555,000. In 1941 the total government budget came to about a million dollars. Obviously a government subsisting under conditions of such abject poverty could not be expected to show accomplishments. It was enough if it merely existed. Yet Raymond Leslie Buell, an unsympathetic critic writing in 1947, noted that "Liberia enjoys the distinction of having maintained a balanced budget since 1935. Except for Cuba, it is the only government in the world to pay in full its war debts to the United States."

2. As long as the government had no revenue, it built no roads or hospitals or schools. Education and health services were provided by missionaries and Firestone almost exclusively. Before the Second World War the government's annual appropriation for education was about $25,000, and it maintained Liberia College on an equal amount. Today the government has revenue that is well over $32 million. It spends about twelve per cent of its budget on education. There are today, according to the 1962 *Liberian Yearbook*, some nine hundred elementary and thirty secondary schools.

3. In 1946 the government granted scholarships to six Liberians to study in the United States. By now some 2,500 Liberians have studied abroad.

4. Today Liberia does not rely exclusively on missionary doctors and philanthropic health services. In its budget for 1961 the government appropriated a half million dollars for its National Public Health Service, $238,000 for the Government Hospital, $282,000 for seven additional hospitals, $23,000 for its eye clinic, $103,000 for tuberculosis services, $167,000 for a maternity center, $77,000 for three special clinics and health centers. In 1952 only one Liberian was a doctor; today there are nearly twenty.

5. The Liberia College has become the University of Liberia, with a Liberian as president—a graduate of Howard and Cornell. An agreement has been made between AID and Cornell to relocate and develop the university along modern, progressive lines. It is reasonable to anticipate that the university will become the leading institution of higher learning in West Africa.

6. During the past eleven years Liberia has been reforming its laws and legal procedures to keep pace with—and make possible—the complex economic and social developments and to strengthen the rule of law and legal and social institutions in the interests of broadened political and cultural liberties. The government is paying for the costs of these services through an agreement with Cornell University.

These and other developments have let loose forces in Liberia that hold promises for its great economic, social, and cultural growth.

MILTON R. KONVITZ, Director
Liberian Codification Project
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

To the Editor: Tom Sterling, in his highly entertaining and sharply drawn description of Liberia, has surely set some kind of record for restraint. From what I know of that "paradise" (for example, the disbarring for life of a lawyer who criticized the judicial system), he probably held back for fear of being disbelieved.

DONALD EVANS
Chicago

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A Great Performance

Never before had John F. Kennedy or, for that matter, any other national figure been brought so close to millions of TV viewers; never before had this medium established such man-to-man contact between leader and people. It was a historic achievement both for the President and for the networks.

It may well be that accidental circumstances contributed to give the President's interview on December 17 this quality of perfection. Flawlessness has never been a steady companion of the two realms that were combined during that hour: politics and TV spectaculars. Certainly a formula emerged from the program that is going to be applied over and over again. It won't always be that perfect, but the formula is here to stay.

The previous record of John F. Kennedy as a performer on the screen has been impressive but checkered. The singular attractiveness of his TV personality appeared somewhat cramped and tainted by the mechanical devices that brought it to the screen: in the delivery of his prepared speeches, in his quick-fire answers at the press conferences, there was a contrived, almost electronic quality that sometimes made him sound like a talking Univac.

During that hour, the viewer sensed in him the human being, the person—a person burdened by as heavy a load of responsibility as a man can bear. Yet that youthful-looking man appeared in complete command; he was engaged in a sober discussion of subjects that mean life and death to the nation and to the world. The viewer felt privileged to be attending such a discussion, and knew that it was meant to reach his heart and his mind. The President never orated, never talked down to the three men of the supporting cast or to his immense audience. At every moment he was very much the President.

There is a narrow range both in the pitch of his voice and in the facial expression that accompanies his spoken words or inner thoughts. In that performance, these limitations proved to be helpful. His staccato, unemphatic delivery, the quiet smile sometimes dimly but gently lighting up his features—all this contributed to inspire a sense of confidence and respect.

It was fortunate that the three professional TV reporters, accustomed to the medium, were modest and restrained, with no taste for the role of celluloid pundits. They were neither inquisitors of the *Meet the Press* type nor straight men, as in too many Presidential conferences. The President made them feel at ease; and they, by keeping a respectful distance, by asking him short, searching questions, gave him the occasion to show his mind at work.

The President had the poised self-assurance of a man who at long last has known success, and what he said was mostly about that success. He was far less diplomatic than in his previous statements in recounting the deceptions the Soviets have viciously attempted. He managed to sound considerably less trustful in talking of Khrushchev than in the published communications to Khrushchev. The success the President had recently gained could not for a moment make him forget how untrustworthy—and reckless—the Kremlin leadership remains.

The performance showed what the medium at its best can do in transmitting to the people the rounded personalities of their leaders. It was nearly incredible to think that this was the same John F. Kennedy who appeared in the campaign debates as nearly identical or interchangeable with his opponent, mercilessly repeating the same few phrases in basic English. Now he looked and sounded like a self-possessed, maybe self-secluded man, who at the right time knows

CRACK IN THE WALL

"*'Put a bit more femininity into your appearance,' is the advice an East German pinup magazine has given to girls . . . who complain they cannot find any 'gentlemen.'*"—Christian Science Monitor

Ah decadence! See how the alien taint
Of artifice now undermines the state
Of total drabness! Hear the piteous plaint
Of those unsatisfied with all the joys
Of work and sacrifice, preferring boys,
Or rather, gentlemen—a greater crime
In this ungentle place, ungentle time.
But, ladies—take those kerchiefs off your head
And let your hair go shining free instead,
And cream your face and paint your laughing lips,
And practice undulation of the hips,
And look from under darkened lashes. Then
You may not only get your gentle men
But show, for your small dreary world to see,
The lost and lovely fruits of liberty!

—SEC

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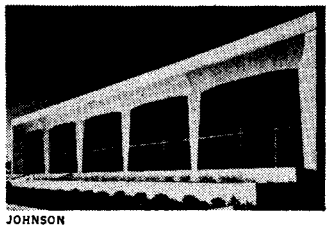
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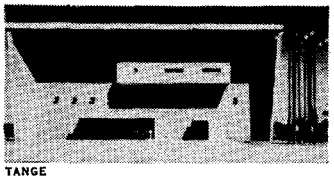
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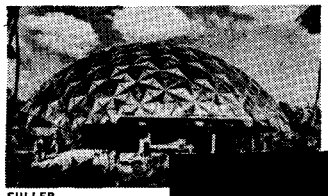
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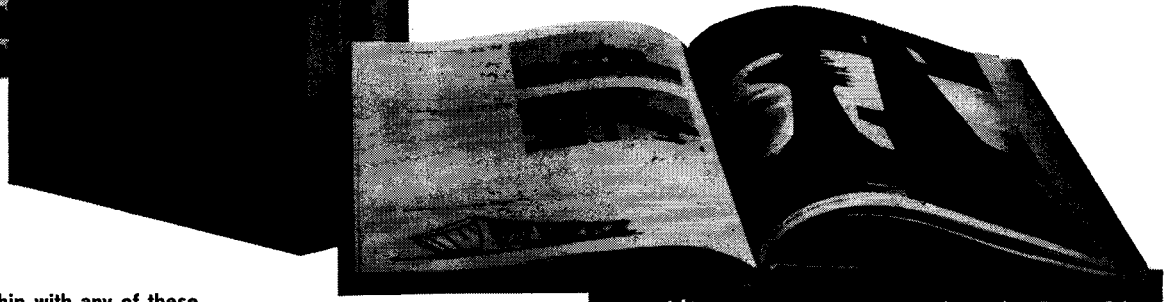

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how to convey a feeling of distant warmth. The whole blend of shadows and sounds had the unmistakable impact of reality.

As in the good operas, there was a harmonious combination of different forms of art: in this case, leadership, politicking, journalism, and the projection of meaningful images. The message conveyed was political, the setting theatrical, with all the best priniciples of political persuasion and theatrical performance rigorously observed. It was reality without realism—certainly not the realism of the socialist type or of the somewhat sappy variety that characterized a number of recent TV invasions of the White House.

At the end of the performance—as of every great performance—one had something like a feeling of shock, for after having been so close to the President, so close, though in an unseen yet almost palpable way, to millions of other viewers, one had to go back to his own individual loneliness, and to his old trends of thinking.

Among the various trends of thinking, for some of us at least, there is that of critical analysis. In fact, those of us who, the morning after, took the trouble to read what the President had said could not help thinking that the printed words did not even begin to convey the impact of the whole performance. But this is what nearly invariably happens when one reads the libretto of an opera.

No, let's be critical—as we must—but some other time. This time let's think of the moment when the set had to be turned off and a multitude of Merriman Smiths felt like saying: "Thank you, Mr. President."

—Max Ascoli

The Other Prisoners

Our satisfaction at the actions taken in behalf of the 1,100 Bay of Pigs captives must not lull our concern for the more than 75,000 Cubans held in Fidel Castro's prisons and concentration camps as political prisoners. The situation of these men and women, some of whom have already spent four years in jail, is truly desperate. For them no barter of food and medicines, no Red Cross intervention, no recourse to law is possible; they are enemies of the state by Castro's definition, martyrs for freedom by ours.

The International Commission of Jurists, an international body of distinguished judges and lawyers with Sir Leslie Munro of New Zealand as its secretary-general, recently issued a two-year study entitled "Cuba and the Rule of Law." It states: "Conditions in Cuban prisons under the Castro regime are utterly incompatible with human self-respect: complete lack of such necessities as beds, bedding, eating utensils, etc.; lack of cleanliness and hygiene; lack of proper medical care; physical ill-treatment and mental torture such as simulated shootings, etc.; very bad food; overcrowding of prisoners; arbitrary behaviour designed to humiliate visiting relatives." It may be that among the Soviet technicians on loan to Castro are the former commandants of Vorkuta and Moscow's Lubianka Prison. At any rate, Castro's political prisons show he has learned well the techniques of totalitarian cruelty.

"The ever-expanding scope of acts punishable under revolutionary legislation, the ominous vagueness of the concept of counter-revolutionary crimes and the broad jurisdiction of the revolutionary tribunals with their extreme and brutally sudden penalties ..." —these, Sir Leslie Munro wrote in the introduction to the jurists' report, characterize Castro's campaign to wipe out any political opposition.

Prisoners are allowed one fifteen-pound food package a month to supplement their meager fare. Two visits a year from relatives are permitted. In certain prisons water is rationed to one bucket a week per prisoner. From time to time guards "requisition" buckets, blankets, and food from family parcels. One such requisition last May resulted in a hunger strike at the Isle of Pines. At the same prison, bus service was suspended on visiting day.

The beatings, rapes, epidemics, hunger, and humiliations suffered by this large body of political prisoners have not succeeded in forcing any significant number of them to become Fidelistas.

Keeping Up with the Khrushchevs

In a November speech to the party central committee, remarkable both for its length and for its outspokenness, Khrushchev took his economic planners to task for wearing "steel blinders." Instead of executing a switch to chemical substitutes such as plastics and man-made fibers, they have continued to favor steel and metals generally. Indeed, they have already overfulfilled the Seven-Year Plan for steel by no less than thirteen million tons, while falling behind in expansion of the chemical industry. The castigation was accompanied by a long, detailed list of applications in which one metal or another was cited as inferior to a chemical product.

The speech again illustrates the absurdity of competing with the Soviets on whatever issue they choose. Specialists in growthmanship in this country have long warned that Soviet steel production has increased more rapidly than ours and that the day is fast approaching when the Soviet steel output will equal ours. Consequently, any scheme that would result in raising the rate of output of our steel mills was judged a blow struck for the free world. Khrushchev's lecture should correct our vision. The supremacy of steel today is put in serious question both by lighter metals and by nonmetallic substances, especially synthetic materials, which increase almost daily in number and applications. This trend, which Khrushchev sees so clearly, has been gathering momentum in this country for some years. But Khrushchev, lacking the mechanism of a free market, must substitute governmental fiat for consumer preferences; and there are indications that at least a few of the Soviet economists wish they had the use of a market economy's devices to indicate these trends before they are excoriated by Big Brother.

As for us, we should realize that in economic matters it is far better to act as befits the stage of maturity we have reached than to react to one or another seemingly significant measure of comparison in a senseless effort to keep up with the Khrushchevs.

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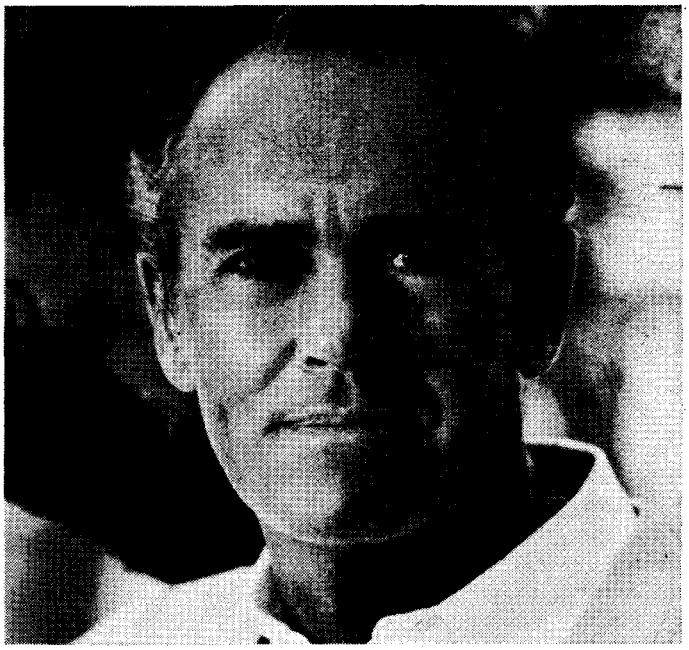

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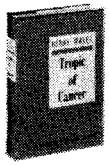

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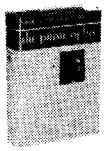

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The Best-Kept Secret

MAX FRANKEL

WASHINGTON

THOSE post-mortems on Cuba—the Saturday-evening as well as the other kind—have been a pleasant diversion for reportorial Washington. Everyone has been so busy for two months learning who left whose dinner party when for a crucial decision, and who advocated what and how at various times of the crisis, that hardly anyone has recorded the stages by which East and West passed from what at Halloween was an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation to what is beginning to look like a New Year's highball-to-highball relaxation.

But finally, in mid-December, in putting Adlai together again, President Kennedy wisely consigned the whole October drama to the historians, thus forcing the reporters to wonder belatedly where we are now and how we ever got here.

Internationally speaking, we are indeed enjoying a holiday. Various members of the Communist and western families are quarreling like mad among themselves about how they ought to behave on this occasion, but between the main antagonists all, for the moment, is peace and good will and fellowship. Even Uncle Walter in East Berlin is singing carols of compromise in a soothing falsetto, which, though it fools no one, is nonetheless welcomed here for its tone. Saint Nikita is taking elaborate credit for the happy state of things, indeed for the survival of the human race, and the cheerful official reaction here is that if credit is all he wants for Christmas, so be it.

The capital is not exactly dizzy with success, but apparently the theory that the Russians have at last been stung into good behavior by a series of failures is difficult to resist. The sight of Moscow and Peking going at each other with ever greater ferocity, the indications that billion-dollar Soviet investments in Cuba, Egypt, Indonesia, and elsewhere are not even bringing millions in political returns, the continuing confessions of strain and slowdown in Soviet farm and factory production, and the fact that after years of sacrifice Soviet arms manufacture still lags far behind our own—all these have sustained a vision here that everything everywhere is coming unhooked, disassembled, fluid, that we have passed a climax and that we stand at a turning point. Official Washington is careful to spread a safe umbrella over its hunches; when pressed to define their vision, administration leaders carefully claim that the turning point could turn any way, that things could become worse as easily as they could become better. But that is not what they seem to believe.

TO BE SURE, no one here seriously suggests that the Soviet government has suddenly become accommodating, trustworthy, democratic, or peace-loving. No one believes that the Russians have offered or will offer any really tempting bargain to end nuclear tests, to solve Berlin, or to preserve the status quo in any way unfavorable to their cause. In fact, the same officials are still trading chill reminiscences about the lies and deceptions that Khrushchev is said to have manufactured and staged so elaborately to cover up his Cuban adventure.

But whereas Washington howled like a jilted bride at the altar a year ago, when with much less deception the Russians resumed their nuclear testing, it behaves today after Cuba like a knowing matron, sadly satisfied that she's caught the old fox in mid-affair and that nothing more need be said.

The Communists of Russia and Europe, for their own pressing reasons, clearly are suing for at least a truce or temporary atmospheric calm in the cold war, and there is no mistaking the conclusion here that the United States ought to oblige them.

Why they should be so obliged is not immediately apparent. The decision to play along with Moscow's good-will gag—if in fact it was a decision—must have been reached at an exalted level, for it has not yet been defined or justified to the middle and lower ranks of the foreign-policy bureaucracy. As far as is known, no ExComms were formed to reach such a decision, no "peace games" were fed into the computers to weigh the alternatives, no scenarios were drawn to plot the timetable of our inactivity. No newspapers have been asked to hide our new strategy from the Russians, and the newspapers don't seem to care who was hard and who was soft as we rolled to the new consensus.

It is, of course, just barely possible that there has been no decision at all and that policy at the moment rests on the instinct of our leaders that because we are good people who want peace and quiet, we ought to welcome these desiderata whenever, wherever, and for as long as the Communists let us have them. But if it were policy not to initiate policy, if we were content at all times to let Moscow set the tone of international discourse, the New Frontier would surely have provided us by now with many long and learned essays about such a "second-strike" diplomacy, about our hidden reserves of wisdom, which, it has been calculated, are certain to survive any Communist initiative, and about the moral as well as practical benefits of never making a move until we have been directly challenged or threatened.

But we are not being so instructed, and it must be assumed that there are good cold calculated reasons for not doing what we are not doing.

We are not, for instance, doing what Khrushchev contrived to do after the U-2 in 1960. We are not throwing a fit, not playing the offended, tricked, or injured power. We are not revealing the long and

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dreary list of recent Soviet deceptions that is said to have been compiled. We have not demanded an apology for those deceptions or a promise that they won't happen again. We have even refused to imitate Khrushchev's gag about not dealing with Eisenhower after the U-2 affront; we have not announced that we will patiently wait until a new leader has come to power in Moscow.

Presumably, we found no merit in any one or any combination of these tactics. Possibly, despite frequent denials, we really reckon Khrushchev to be a better man to deal with than any conceivable successor.

But there has been no pressure or expectation of a deal, either. We do not seem to be telling Khrushchev that if he wants to take Berlin off the front burner he had better come around quickly with a good proposal while we and the Berliners are in an accommodating mood. We are saying, Take your time, we'll listen whenever you're ready. We are not showing any convincing concern about the lack of agreement on a test-ban treaty, nor are we pressuring Moscow with propaganda and diplomacy to approach our terms for such a treaty as the price of a more relaxed atmosphere.

DEAN ACHESON's effort to rouse the town from another direction was a total flop; hardly anyone listened and fewer still cared. His West Point speech in early December disappointed many of his friends because it was uncharacteristically vague, especially on the main recommendation that the unification of Germany ought to be the keystone of western policy in Europe. He angered the British by suggesting that they were played out as a world power and he offended other allies with the view that they were something less than stable democracies.

Unfortunately, what with euphoria here and furor abroad, the principal Acheson critique was lost and no one has been forced to deal seriously with his major questions: whether the defense of the beleaguered half-city of West Berlin is really a substitute for policy in Europe, and whether preoccupation with the ten-year-old military problems of NATO is really a suitable expression of the political and economic power that the Atlantic Alliance ought to represent in world affairs.

Oddly, what Acheson was saying might have served the administration as a rationale for not doing very much about the Russians at this point. Implicit in his speech was the view that the western allies ought to adopt a mature and continuing hostility toward the Communist nations and proceed, without worrying much about the fluctuations in cold-war temperatures, to their own vigorous business of building a political alliance upon their military and economic unions and creating a common program for dealing with the rest of the non-Communist world.

But neither this nor any other rationale has been put forward, and nobody has asked for one.

The administration might argue, for instance, that though Khrushchev's ambitions and adventures

have been far more menacing than Stalin's, his failure in Cuba, his troubles at home, and Communism's disgrace in India have finally brought home to Moscow the lesson that Russia possesses neither the power nor the opportunity nor the necessary Communist unity to realize Khrushchev's dreams. And, the argument could hold, Khrushchev therefore is suing now not only for one of those periodic breathers to regroup his forces and restock his arsenals but also to recalculate his predicament and to negotiate a genuine *détente* that would last many years.

But if this were Washington's estimate, more computers than ever would be needed to determine the price that could properly be exacted for such a *détente*. If this were the estimate, the administration ought to be demonstrating which arrangements and agreements could persuade the West to sit still for a truce. If this were the estimate, it might well have been important to resist changes of atmosphere until some genuine negotiations had been shown possible.

For if there were no advantage from relaxation, an alternative policy might well be that of no rest for the weary. We could offer none too subtle reminders of the instability of the Eastern European régimes and especially of the opportunities for western mischief in East Germany; we could demonstrate our ability to haunt and hound the Kremlin leaders simply by raising or even appearing to raise the Pentagon budgets. We could indicate that the United States will not wait forever, as the slogan goes, for a free and demilitarized state of Cuba. We could, in sum, threaten pressure as easily as we can celebrate restraint. The question is, which when?

IF anything like this is being discussed around Washington these days, it is the best-kept secret in years, in government as well as outside. Questions about why we should be ready now to give Moscow a respite—even the appearance of a respite—and for how long and to what end, are treated as irrelevant if not irreverent.

But the questions are being asked around the capital not necessarily to challenge the current drift of policy and mood here but to discover what it is that the administration envisions as variously ideal, acceptable, or possible in its future relations with the Communist nations.

The trouble with the flood of post-mortems on the Cuban crisis has been that both the administration and its chroniclers have tried to explain our wisdom and success by the forms of the exercise, by the effectiveness of brainstorming conferences and computer calculation, by the energy of the programmers, the speed of communications, or the temporarily brilliant discipline of bureaucracy. It seems much more likely, however, that we were wise and successful primarily because we had decided both what we wanted and what we might reasonably expect to get.

For the present stage, we have had only one vague expression of

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objective and a contrary estimate of expectation—both from President Kennedy during his engaging year-end television report. The President's comments on cold-war tactics and hopes were not systematic but they came to this: life these days is very hazardous not only because weapons are terrifying but because of the continuing danger of miscalculation by both sides, as in the Cuban crisis; Khrushchev is aware of the dangers and to that extent he is better for us than the Chinese but he keeps trying to change the balance of power and thus does not wish us well: "understandings" with him are not likely to come soon.

But, the President said, ". . . coming to some understanding. That is what we really want to do . . . this is too dangerous a period for us to be or to want to have a tension between the Soviet Union and the United States, and therefore I think we should encourage any relaxation of their policy of supporting those causes hostile to us."

The problem seems to be how to avoid tensions while "understandings" are unlikely, and how to gain a "relaxation" of hostile policies from an opponent who "does not wish us well." «»

The Argentine Mess

GLADYS DELMAS

BUENOS AIRES

THERE IS a mood of panic in Argentina today. People who can are pulling up stakes and moving out. The disorder is total: economic, political, social, and above all, moral.

The financial crisis, a predictable result of the others, is naturally the most immediate concern. In mid-October the Argentine Industrial Union warned the government that industry was on the verge of complete collapse. Bankruptcies in November topped the figure for the whole of 1961. Some of the best blue chips on the *Bolsa* can be bought for the price of a pack of cigarettes. The peso, stable for two years at eighty-three to the dollar, has since April plunged to below 155.

The government itself owes its suppliers millions of dollars. The debt to foreign contractors of YPF, the government oil monopoly, has been estimated at $40 million, to say nothing of the taxes YPF has collected for the highway commission that have not been passed along for years. In lieu of pay, government employees are now being asked to accept bonds of such dubious negotiability that even the government-run casino in Mar del Plata recently refused to accept them as legal tender.

The cost of living went up some thirty per cent during 1962, and with recent sharp increases in the price of gasoline and bread, it threatens to soar higher in the near future. Unemployment, a phenomenon heretofore unknown to this generation of Argentines, is increasing rapidly, and underemployment is already considerable. For the first time in years, there are beggars on the streets of Buenos Aires.

ARGENTINES seem stunned by this turn of events. Little more than nine months ago, a boom psychology reigned here. The year 1961 had shown a growth rate of 5.7 per cent, the highest since the war and a stimulating change from the backing and filling of the previous decade. Foreign credit was easy to obtain, and companies modernized and expanded—probably well beyond the capacity of the local market to absorb their product. The government announced grandiose development plans. The financing remained vague, but Argentines were confident.

This illusion of prosperity was shattered during the provincial and parliamentary elections of last March 18 and the subsequent political upheavals. Most Argentines tend to blame those upheavals for the economic disaster. Economists point out, however, that the recent prosperity was based on very slender premises. In 1961 the deficit in the balance of payments ran fifty per cent above export income; the 1962 budget, balanced on paper with great fanfare, actually ran thirty-five per cent in the red. The foreign debt stands at between three and four billion dollars. With exports rarely exceeding $1 billion a year and indispensable imports at least equaling if not surpassing that figure, it is gloomily predicted that these debts cannot be paid before the end of the century.

The expansion was thus a jungle growth, with no plan, no priorities, no projections. Some twenty companies are producing cars, since this business offered a quick profit to both the manufacturers and to the politicians who authorized the ventures, but there has been little investment to alleviate the grave shortages of electric power, telephones, roads, freight cars, housing, and schools.

Alsogaray Also Ran

The man chiefly responsible for this chaotic state of affairs is Alvaro Alsogaray, minister of economy under President Frondizi from June, 1959, to May, 1961, and again from May of 1962 until just a few days ago. A retired army officer with no particular economic training, Alsogaray became Argentina's most fervent advocate of nineteenth-century laissez-faire economics. In a country long accustomed to controls, quotas, and protectionism, his economic views had the political merit of appearing novel. Talking incessantly, ebulliently optimistic, Alsogaray promised a great deal more than he produced. And despite the almost universal unpopularity he acquired, his ambitions became increasingly political rather than economic. It is hoped that his successor, Eustaquio Méndez Delfino, a disenchanted former colleague, will subscribe to the more familiar economics of the contemporary period to a degree that will satisfy the International Monetary Fund experts on whose approval the country's tottering world credit rating now depends.

The economic anarchy reflects the political incoherence and instability that have characterized the country for years. Frondizi swept into power in 1958 with the votes of the extreme nationalists, the Communists, and the Peronists in addition to those of his own Intransigent Radicals. He survived thirty-five

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crises in four years by playing one extreme against the other. He was never interested in building up the Center but rather in splintering it. When the Peronists showed unexpected strength in the March elections, the armed forces showed theirs, and Frondizi was caught with no Center to fall back on.

Since the fall of the president and the centering of power in the military, the splintering process has gone on apace. All the main political parties are divided into various warring subgroups. Frondizi's Intransigent Radical Party cannot make up its mind whether to agitate for his return, for which there is no sign of popular enthusiasm, or to devote its efforts to building up a candidate for future elections. The other wing of the Radical Party, the People's Radicals, who gradually took over Frondizi's original nationalist-leftist program just as he took over their more liberal one, are now undecided which they like better. The healing of the breach between the two would give the Radicals a comfortable majority, but this is one thing on which both agree: neither wants it. Even the Peronists are not a monolithic group. They are divided between "hard" and "soft": those who consider the return of the general their immediate objective and those who would compromise in exchange for their own accession to power.

THE ONE MAN who, Argentines hoped, might be able to resolve their differences is General Pedro Aramburu, who headed the provisional government a few months after the *Revolución libertadora* that ousted Peron in 1955. Argentines used to say, "He is our General de Gaulle." He tried to save Frondizi by forming a coalition cabinet, but neither the parties nor the armed forces were willing to negotiate. Since then, Aramburu, whose own presidential ambitions are no secret but who has no party organization of his own, has tried to negotiate on his own behalf with the Intransigent Radicals. This met with no success either, and simply made him look like an ordinary politician. Furthermore, there is a growing realization that many of the country's basic problems—excess bureaucracy, featherbedding in industry, poor management of state-run enterprises with attendant deficits, the sacrifice of agriculture to industry—could have been solved relatively painlessly during the two and a half years of Aramburu's government. "Why give him another chance?" many Argentines are now saying. This tarnishing of the general's image also dims the hopes of a government of national union. However, in the evident hope of regilding it, he undertook a lengthy trip to the United States and the capitals of Europe, and his interviews with the Pope and General de Gaulle have received ample coverage in the local press.

'Reds' and 'Blues' vs. Ghost

The process of disintegration, as all the recent upheavals have demonstrated, has affected even the armed forces. During the "pocket civil war"

in September, the two bands then at odds became known as the "Reds" and the "Blues," tags adopted from war games. In September there was an effort on the part of the victorious "Blues" to wrap themselves in the mantle of constitutionality and to identify the "Reds" as reactionaries and totalitarians. In their Communiqué 150, the "Blues" promised immediate elections, the withdrawal of the army from politics, and the right of all Argentines to participate in politics—an overt appeal to the Peronists.

None of these brave phrases has much meaning in Argentina today. Elections will now take place in June instead of October, a small gain. The new electoral law, while not specifically naming the Peronists, outlaws any party which receives orders from abroad, which makes a cult of a personality, which receives funds from abroad, or from labor unions (the source of Peronist strength), or from anonymous sources. A recent statement by General Benjamin Rattenbach, the minister of war, declared that "The political role of the military should be so contrived that the people do not have the impression they are being governed by the military," who, he added, "will exclude from power Communists, Peronists, and all those who during the past four years have contributed to the ruin of the country"—by which he means the followers of Frondizi. This makes up at least two-thirds of the electorate.

The reigning "Blues" were never a homogeneous group in any case; their dissensions were made startlingly evident just recently by the revolt of a group within the air force. This group is now labeled totalitarian in its turn by the victors, and may well belong to the Nasserist tendency which observers began to note some time ago. Concomitantly the "Red" officers imprisoned in September are being released.

It is difficult and probably specious to give an ideological content to these dissensions. Sides are chosen primarily in terms of personal ambitions, loyalties, service rivalries, the happenstances of geography, and the deficient Argentine communication system. And on the whole it may be said that while the armed forces differ on matters of technique, they are united in their opposition to Peronism and Communism. The armed forces thus remain the center of power in Argentina, facing the only other cohesive force—the Peronists.

THE SURVIVAL of Peronism seven years after the ousting of the dictator is one of the most disquieting factors in the present situation. It is due not only to the erosion of the democratic parties by internal squabbling but also to the absence in Argentina of any genuine party of the Left. The Socialists, presently split into three factions, have remained a small party of intellectuals. The Radicals, who originally drew their strength from the lower middle class, became under Frondizi the party of business deals and laissez-faire economics. The recently formed Christian Democrats, unlike their counterparts in Chile, have completely failed to capture the popular imagination.

The good behavior of the Peronists during all the recent upheavals—

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and after a startling electoral victory last March that might have been expected to make them feel their oats—has puzzled many observers. Some question whether the Peronist leadership really wants to assume responsibility for carrying out the party's impossible demands—raise wages, lower prices, throw out the International Monetary Fund but protect the peso—at a time of economic disaster. There is also an evident desire to soften the image of Peronism. The righteous posture of a party denied the fruits of an electoral victory is being exploited to the utmost.

While the Peronists thus bide their time, the other parties almost without exception dicker for Peronist votes. The most unlikely alliances have been made. In the March elections, the Christian Democrats carried the province of Jujuy thanks to the Peronists who once burned the churches. In the province of Buenos Aires, Socialists voted Peronist, although Socialist leaders had been jailed under Perón.

While these recent maneuverings have all but ended any hope that the Peronists would gradually be absorbed into the democratic parties, those parties themselves, by trading principles for votes, have lost their authority. A recently published poll taken in middle-class districts of the capital shows that forty-three per cent of the potential voters had no interest whatsoever in politics, and a further twenty-eight per cent did not care much who won. When army tanks in the street decide the fate of the government, the people retreat behind iron shutters. Not a single cry was heard when constitutional government fell with Frondizi.

The Politics of Cynicism

Even recent revelations of corruption in high places have done no more than confirm the well-established Argentine belief that power is for profit and that government is the most profitable business of all. An investigatory commission set up in June published its first findings just before the army upset in September. They covered a wide range: the oil contracts signed by President Frondizi without public bidding and in contravention of the constitution; huge loans, in a time of credit restriction, made without collateral to political cronies when devaluation was imminent by the official Banco de la Nación—whose president, an architect, now resides in Uruguay; the purchase, also without public bidding, of $60 million worth of Japanese railroad coaches, which turned out not to fit Argentine tracks. As soon as the smoke had cleared from the September battles, the then victorious minister of economy, Alsogaray, who had been cited in the report, forthwith dissolved the commission and ordered its archives sent to the military intelligence bureau, where they are now safely interred. There was no public protest.

More disturbing still are the signs that the government itself is falling apart into a number of minor fiefs. A recent post-office strike was settled on the basis that the postmen, who like all government employees are two months behind in their wages, would henceforth be paid directly from the sale of stamps. The customs people are clamoring for a similar deal. The bureau of internal revenue just imported some fifty American compact cars, although the same car is now produced in Argentina; the tax collectors explained that since they do not have to pay taxes, the Detroit product is much cheaper.

President José Maria Guido, president of the senate under Frondizi, who was installed by the military in March, was never designed either by temperament or training to preside over the complexities of a national government. Mild little Dr. Guido, who fainted in the midst of the September crisis when rival "Red" and "Blue" army factions fought in the streets, offered his resignation and then withdrew it, stigmatized the "Blues" as rebels, and then in a matter of hours declared them to be the bulwark of the state. "Have a cigarette," said a general to the president, one current joke goes. "Oh, I don't smoke," the president replies. "But if I have to, I will."

Such a shattered society would seem to be ideal for breeding Communists or fascists. Argentines of all opinions are constantly calling each other one or the other. If one totals the accusations, the inevitable conclusion is that all Argentines are both. The anti-Peronist factions talk constantly of a Peronist-Communist plot, but there appears to be very little contact between the two. There are some Communist-controlled unions, but they are relatively small and have made no significant gains recently. The Communists are, however, employing their usual tactics of infiltration at the shop level, avoiding politics while making full use of their superior training in labor matters.

The party is outlawed and there are no accurate statistics on its strength, but even the most generous estimates do not exceed a hundred thousand (in a country of twenty-one million). Its most active members are to be found in the universities, a common phenomenon in Latin America. Communist infiltration of the traditionally leftist Reforma group has cost that organization its dominance of university politics. When representatives of the student body, the alumni, and the faculty voted to elect a rector at the University of Buenos Aires a few weeks ago, Frondizi's brother Risieri, the former rector and a pronounced leftist, lost to the Humanista candidate, a young Catholic liberal.

Even more sinister than the Communists, an armed and secret society known as the Tacuara has recently made its appearance among Argentine students. These young toughs are overtly Nazi. They break up student meetings with gunfire and are responsible for the recent anti-Semitic demonstrations in Buenos Aires. Their presence was noted among the "Blues" in the September uprising.

There are indeed deep-rooted fascist tendencies in Argentina, whether on the Left or the Right. The autocratic penchant of the Argentine character has frequently been pointed out. But while some form of dictatorship appears to be an immediate danger, no new strong man has yet appeared on the horizon.

Just as the Argentine example influenced the military take-over in Peru, the Peruvian junta is now casting its shadow on Argentina. "If the elections take place and the Peronists win, then we're sure of a military dictatorship," said one of those who will cast his vote next June. "The Americans will grumble a bit, but they've even restored military aid to Peru. I think I'll vote Peronist."

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First Steps In Dominican Democracy

ROWLAND EVANS, Jr.

SANTO DOMINGO

BY ALL THE PRECEDENTS of modern politics in the Caribbean, the bullets that ended the tyrant Trujillo's life on a lonely stretch of ocean highway nineteen months ago should have ushered in a turbulent period of anarchy here in the Dominican Republic, followed by a people's revolution on the Left or an army revolt of the Right. It must have been just this prospect that encouraged Fidel Castro to build up the left-wing 14th of June Party here, and to give it an estimated two million dollars in financial help by last spring.

But what has happened? Thus far, not a revolution of the Left or an army-backed junta of the Right, but a successful twelve-month rule by a seven-man provisional government, and, on December 20, the holding of free elections, the first since 1924, to continue the transfer of power from dictatorship to democracy. Several pre-election crisis, the last of which involved the Catholic Church, nearly torpedoed the election. But the government survived them and passed through the essential electoral phase of the transition. If this transition succeeds—and the odds are better than even—the lesson will not be lost on the rest of Latin America, and especially neighboring Cuba.

The Kennedy administration has done its best to help the peaceful revolution succeed. The President has employed U.S. military power, dollar aid, the resumption of sugar purchases, and a force of U.S. advisers and technicians to assist the provisional government in dealing with the grave economic, fiscal, and political problems bequeathed to it by thirty-one years of Trujillo's misrule. The installation of an elected democratic government here on February 27 would certainly go far to reinforce the non-Communist Left and Center throughout the Caribbean. It would also add to the continuing deterioration of Fidelismo throughout the hemisphere. And it surely would be felt in adjoining Haiti, where dictator François Duvalier rules with an iron hand.

Bosch and Fiallo

In Santo Domingo, Fidelismo and a multiplicity of Castro-style far-Left political parties have been hit hard by President Kennedy's success in the Cuban crisis and the exposure of Castro as a Soviet stooge. "Castro is no threat to us at this moment," Juan Bosch, one of the two leading presidential candidates in the December 20 election, told me. "All the Communist Parties in Latin America are now in a drastically weakened state. The reason is that they now know they cannot count on the Soviet Union in a showdown."

Bosch was sitting in the private office of his cluttered campaign headquarters a few days before the election. Outside the closed door, the clatter of a political campaign climax was reminiscent of any major candidate's headquarters in the United States.

"Before October," he went on, "there was a very intense feeling of Fidelismo, but now it is dead, at least for the moment."

Bosch is a tallish man of fifty-three with a strong, angular face and silver hair brushed straight back. He returned to the Dominican Republic a year ago after twenty-five years in Cuba, Costa Rica, and other Latin-American countries as a political refugee from Trujillo. The heart of the Bosch campaign for the presidency was a pledge to distribute to the *campesinos* some seventeen million acres of government lands, most of which were confiscated from the Trujillo family's holdings, which included more than half of the country's entire productive capacity.

BOSCH'S PARTY is the Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), which he helped found in 1939 while in exile. The other leading party is the National Civic Union (UCN), which began as a patriotic movement during the Trujillo régime. Dr. Viriato Fiallo, a country doctor and one of the most prominent men in the country, was its presidential candidate. Bosch is slightly to the left of Center—a social democrat in the Betancourt tradition. Dr. Fiallo is slightly to the right of Center, and drew the support of the landowners, shopkeepers, and professional men. He was the only one of the seven presidential candidates who did not leave the country during Trujillo's long rule. He managed to survive in outright opposition to the dictator and never did business with him—"literally or figuratively," in the words of a U.S. diplomat. Dr. Fiallo and the UCN were assumed to be far in front for the presidency, but in the last two weeks of the campaign Bosch made rapid progress with what he calls his "very simple" pledge of land for the *campesinos,* eventual confiscation of foreign-held properties (but, he now says, only after "due process"), and his promise that if elected he would try to govern with the support of most of the other parties.

The United States is committed to support the winner, and the winner, whose identity was still in doubt as this article went to press, is certain to be either Bosch or Fiallo. The official certification of the president-elect is not likely until early January. The U.S. embassy, under the command of John Bartlow Martin, a writer turned diplomat, tried to be scrupulously fair during the campaign, but reports nevertheless were current that Uncle Sam would not be displeased if Dr. Fiallo won. Bosch told me: "I have no evidence to suggest that the U.S. has not been impartial, but several months ago some officials of the U.S. embassy were very close to Fiallo."

Accordingly, the United States

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was planning a reserved reaction to a Fiallo victory, to dampen any speculation here that we might have planned it that way, and a more enthusiastic reaction for a Bosch victory, to dispel any lingering illusion that we favored Fiallo and were disappointed with Bosch.

Actually, the election itself, regardless of the outcome, was the first great U.S. objective here. The second objective is the installation of the newly elected government—including a bicameral legislature of seventy-four deputies and twenty-seven senators—on February 27. And the third is the success of that government.

The second stage in this three-phase operation will be more hazardous than the first, and the third will be the most difficult of all. What is being attempted is nothing less than a peaceful transition—revolution is not too strong a word—from a one-man dictatorship to western-style democracy in a country that has never practiced or even known the self-restraint of party government within a democratic framework and that until a few months ago had only the mere trappings of political parties, the instruments through which the new government must learn to run its affairs.

Starting from Scratch

To understand the present political situation, a capsule history of the last nineteen months is necessary. After Trujillo's assassination, his puppet president, Joaquín Balaguer (now in exile in New York City), took power. Political opposition groups, backed by a major show of U.S. force deployed just off the coast, "encouraged" him to cooperate in expelling the remaining members of the Trujillo family in November, 1961. The present seven-man provisional government took power on January 1, 1962, with Balaguer still nominally serving as president. Economic sanctions imposed by the OAS in August, 1960, were lifted last January 4, and the United States resumed diplomatic relations two days later. On January 16, Balaguer resigned under pressure from the other members of the seven-man council. A general named Rodríguez Echavarría (also now in exile) staged a *coup d'état* that lasted two days, and after that Rafael Bonnelly, an original member of the seven-man council, stepped into the presidency as No. 1 man on the council. For the next eleven months he prepared the country for the December 20 election and organized basic economic reforms.

To complete the transition from Trujillo to democratic government would be a formidable task for any

country. It is especially so for a poor one in which the rate of illiteracy is estimated at close to sixty per cent and where there is hardly a single memory of a democratic tradition to fall back on. Democracy is to be planted full-grown where it never existed before, and it is a great tribute to the provisional government of President Bonnelly that the first phase of the hazardous operation, the holding of elections, has been carried out at all. The Organization of American States sent a three-man committee to the island several months ago to help the provisional government prepare for the elections and to act as a restraining influence against any effort that might be made to disrupt them.

Last June, the Bonnelly government created a central electoral board, composed of three prominent non-political Dominicans who were elected by the major parties. It was their job to certify candidates, resolve election disputes, set up polling stations (thirty-five hundred of them), guard against cheating, choose the type of ballot to be used, and perform scores of other election chores, every one of them strange to this land.

Of all the board's pre-election crises, the most serious came just before election day. A Spanish Jesuit accused Bosch of having Communist views. Bosch called on the Catholic hierarchy to repudiate the charge. The Church replied that it was officially neutral but could not take responsibility for political statements by individual priests. Four days of frantic maneuver followed. Bosch and the PRD charged that the Bonnelly government and the UCN were in league with the Church to smear him. He threatened to boycott the election altogether. Instead, the candidate and his accuser, Father Lautico García, engaged in a nationally broadcast debate, and two days before the voting Bosch dramatically announced that he would stay in the race. But this last-minute exchange embittered the campaign and may have unpleasant repercussions.

Wanted: Good Losers

An earlier crisis was the battle of the ballots. Bosch's PRD and five other parties demanded two things: that there be a different color for the ballots of each party and that each party have two ballots, one for the presidential candidate and one for the legislative candidates. What worried Bosch was that Dr. Fiallo's UCN, with its more literate following, would have an unfair advantage if the ballots all looked the same. The electoral board at first refused on the ground that there weren't enough colors to go around, then agreed to the following ingenious compromise:

The ballots would be colored, one color to a party, and they would be perforated across the middle, with the presidential ticket of each party printed across the top and the names of the legislative candidates on the bottom. This made ticket splitting easy, simply by tearing the ballot in half. Voters in the December 20 election had plenty of time to learn which color to select. The traditional color of the UCN is blue and its ballot was blue. Bosch's PRD got white. The Bosch campaign slogan quickly became: "Vote the white ballot."

The whole campaign had many

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comic-opera overtones. Campaign slogans were smeared on every square foot of exposed wall in Santo Domingo and the provincial towns. On the headquarters of the 14th of June Party, which like all the other far-Left parties boycotted the election, a black swastika looked strangely out of place. On a wall flanking Calle el Conde, a large painted sign for Dr. Fiallo's UCN had been disfigured, the "C" made into a dollar sign. The daubers took special delight in smearing the empty pedestals of the old Trujillo statues with the initials of their favorite parties, an ironic touch that Dominicans took special satisfaction in pointing out to strangers.

But although the electioneering had farcical aspects, U.S. concern for the Dominican experiment is a serious one. Failure would knock out a central prop of U.S. policy in the Caribbean, and failure can come in many ways.

"The future is uncertain," President Bonnelly told me in an interview just before the election, "but I consider that our difficulties may come more from the parties than the government. Between now and February 27, there will be no trouble from the government. But we must remember there are several candidates for president and only one can win. If the six losers are good losers and support the winner, there is no possibility of trouble. What we need is six good losers."

THOSE WORDS—"good losers"—are frequently heard here. The new president must have the support of the other major party to make his government succeed. Whether he does, and to what extent, may not be known for weeks or months.

Despite President Bonnelly's assurances, there are even some seeds of trouble in the provisional government itself. Two of its members took part in the assassination of Trujillo: Antonio Imbert Barreras actually fired some of the bullets, and Luís Amiama Tío was in on the plot. Both have been under heavy police protection ever since. Imbert's portfolio on the council includes control of the police. Dominicans working for a smooth transition of power to the new democratic government suspect that he has a big potential for troublemaking as well as an oversized ego.

Donald Reid, another member of the seven-man council, was probably referring to Imbert when he told me: "The police force has increased from four thousand to twelve thousand in the last ten months. It is true that the police has no tanks. The army has the tanks, and so the army has still the supreme power, and the army has withdrawn more from politics than ever before. But if someone tried to prevent the establishment of the new government, there would be much bloodshed. Then what if it became necessary to impose martial law? That is when an army begins to feel its power."

Reid left the rest of the familiar Latin political cycle to the imagination: the army summoned to save

the country from riot and bloodshed, a right-wing junta formed with army backing, and a sudden growth of the far Left, which grows fastest when the Right holds power. This threat will end on February 27 if the elected government takes power as scheduled.

Then the new democracy will face the most difficult test of all. As President Bonnelly remarked, the new government must have the support of a loyal opposition—with the stress on "loyal." It will have to contend with an assembly whose behavior is largely unpredictable. The new Dominican president will need patience, wisdom, and much poiltical acuity.

THE UNITED STATES is working strenuously to prevent any of these disasters. Last February we extended a $25-million line of credit under the Alliance for Progress. In November we approved an outright grant of $22,750,000. Three weeks before the election, council member Imbert made an apparent grab for power over the army; President Bonnelly blocked him, but the situation was tense. To underscore the Dominican president's authority and leave no doubt where we stood, the destroyer *Davis* was ordered to Santo Domingo on November 21. The commander sent President Bonnelly and several council members an elaborate invitation to come aboard for lunch, but pointedly excluded Imbert and Amiama.

Our experts are helping the Bonnelly government, and will continue to help the new government, on housing, farming, poultry management, road building, rice cultivation, savings-and-loan banks, debt retirement, budget policy, tax revision, and a score of other economic problems. An apparently effective indoctrination program for the army has been under way for months, with one objective—to convince the army that its future lies outside politics and in support of the legal government. A somewhat similar effort to train the police force in the latest riot-control techniques and to make it, too, a bulwark of the legal government—not of a party or a strong man—is being carried out by a couple of tough cops from Los Angeles.

All this, of course, is done without fanfare. Nevertheless, one western diplomat was moved to ask: "Aren't you overplaying your hand here? Is the Dominican Republic really so important to you? I am inclined to have some doubt whether what happens here is going to make all that difference. At any rate, you are building this up for a great fall if the new government fails."

The Kennedy administration emphatically disagrees. Still haunted by what happened in Cuba, the State Department is convinced that a stable, democratic government here is worth as much in prestige as the United States is willing to spend, and we are spending a great deal. No one overestimates the odds for success, but most of our diplomats here and in Washington are nurturing the experiment with the gentle touch of a benign older brother, mixed with the not so gentle touch of power diplomacy when needed. They are convinced that if the experiment succeeds, the dividends will far outvalue the investment.

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Burma and the Balance Of Neutralisms

JERRY A. ROSE

RANGOON

INDIA AND BURMA have two major political traits in common: each has a long border with Communist China, and each is neutral. India's neutralism, however, has been seriously shaken by the Chinese border fight, and the question here in Southeast Asia is whether India's plight will move the other neutral nations to modify their policies also.

Burma offers the most graphic example of a Southeast Asian nation struggling to maintain the balance of its neutral posture. It is an awkward posture, as Burma's leadership gropes for safe domestic and foreign positions along a political tightrope. "Burmese foreign policy," a U.S.-educated, pro-western Burmese professor explained to me, "is founded on the immutable axiom of seven hundred million Chinese to our north."

Last March, when General Ne Win, in a nearly bloodless *coup d'état*, took over the government for the second time in four years, he received "sincere congratulations" from Communist China's premier, Chou En-lai. Ne Win cabled back: "I wish to declare that I will devote all my efforts to promoting the daily strengthening and ever-growing friendship between China and Burma, for which I accept the greater responsibility."

By "the greater responsibility" Ne Win was referring to his major role in the boundary agreement between Burma and China. With 402 markers following the crests of watersheds, the agreement delineated 1,370 miles of border. The negotiations were concluded in January, 1960, when Ne Win was in power. The treaty was signed in Peking on October 1, 1960 (Red China's National Day), and ratified on January 4, 1961 (Burma's National Day). The final ratification (concurrently, the Chinese agreed to grant Burma an $84-million interest-free loan) produced huge celebrations in Rangoon, with the Burmese declaring themselves and the Chinese to be *paukhpaw*, literally "born of the same womb." The protocol agreement of the treaty was signed in Peking on October 13, 1961, when U Nu was prime minister, but the *bogyoke*—Burmese for "general," used, however, only in reference to Ne Win—was on hand to see that everything went smoothly.

THE SINO-BURMESE boundary accord was of great consequence to a reasonably stable Burma, no matter who the ruler. Of the 22.5 million people in the country, more than five million Karens, Shans, and Kachins, and several hundred thousand Kayahs and Chins all dislike the Burmese. A number of other odds and ends of tribes also dislike the Burmese. In addition, there are 1,500 "white flag" Stalinists and five hundred "red flag" Trotskyites who simply do not like the government; and innumerable gangs of bandits, including some Chinese left over from the Kuomintang army who crossed the border in 1949. All these people live in northern Burma and are armed and actively belligerent. The large tribes want to become self-governing states. If Peking decided to support any of the major groups, Burma's independence would be quickly subverted.

The boundary agreement went far in assuring Burma that the Chinese Communists would not intervene in the internal affairs of the nation. Nevertheless, when General Ne Win seized control again, he faced a highly unstable country. Nor was the shakiness the fault of the Chinese. Some of it came from the chronic belligerence of the tribespeople, but most of it was due to a twenty-five per cent increase in population since 1940 and a drop in the per capita income to a low of $55. Burma still has not fully recovered from the war, and rice production, the mainstay of the national diet and foreign trade, is running far short of prewar days. An average of three million tons of rice was exported annually before the war, while exports in 1961 came to only 1.66 million tons. Cultivated rice land is two million acres below the prewar level.

These internal problems were greatly aggravated under the régime of Prime Minister U Nu. U Nu became a religious zealot who told the peasants of Burma that he was the reincarnation of Buddha. He was also

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a believer in astrology, and his astrologer influenced affairs of state. U Nu declared Buddhism to be the state religion, outlawed the slaughter of beef, and made the Buddhist Sabbath a holiday so that the work week was shortened.

In December, 1961, he issued orders to the nation that on a certain Saturday (U Nu was born on a Saturday) between eight and nine in the morning, sixty thousand pagodas would be built of sand. The orders were specific: twenty tons of sand were to be used for each; the sand was to be poured into a wooden frame whose bottom tier was to be thirteen and one-half feet square and eighteen inches deep; the tiers were to be progressively smaller and the finishing touches on each temple had to be executed by sixteen Saturday-born people—eight women and eight men.

After the March coup, Sein Win, editor of the Rangoon *Guardian*, commented dryly: "To build that many pagodas would have taken twelve million tons of sand—we don't have that much sand in Burma. It was with a sigh of relief we greeted General Ne Win."

The spirit of internal sanity and order was immediately restored. Not only did Ne Win rescind U Nu's ban on beef, stabilize the work week, and declare everyone free to worship as he pleased, but bus drivers slowed down, illegal hawkers disappeared from the streets, and cab drivers started to use their meters. People remembered the firm measures Ne Win's 1958-1960 government had employed to enforce law and root out corruption. When parliament, under strong military pressure, elected him prime minister in October, 1958, Ne Win called his régime a "caretaker." True to his word, he relinquished the reins to U Nu seventeen months later. He made no such promise in 1962, and it is obvious that he and his seventeen-member Revolutionary Council mean to stay in power for some time.

The Bogyoke Changes His Mind

Ne Win is a reticent man who cherishes no dogmatic political ideology. Above all, he is a nationalist and wants the best for Burma. He apparently thought that democratic socialism was a sound form of government for Burma when he returned control of the country to U Nu. By 1962, he had changed his mind. The reasons for Ne Win's change in attitude are stated clearly in a document called "The Burmese Way to Socialism." "Parliamentary democracy," said Ne Win and the Revolutionary Council, ". . . came into existence in history with the British, American, and French revolutions against feudalism. It happens to be the best in comparison with all its preceding systems." This system was "tried and tested" in Burma. It didn't work. Too many "weaknesses and loopholes, abuses and the absence of a mature public opinion," caused parliamentary democracy to fail.

Politically, therefore, Ne Win apparently saw a strong dictatorship as the only solution to Burma's problems. He suspended the judiciary and legislative branches of the government. Military tribunals replaced the courts, the seventeen-member Revolutionary Council replaced the parliament. At the top of the Council is a ruling clique of eight men, all but one of whom are in the army (not a single military man was in Ne Win's first government). General Ne Win himself became president of Burma, commander of the armed forces, minister(s) of defense, finance, and revenue, and the judiciary.

The suspension of the judicial and legislative branches of the government was greeted with consternation. Ne Win's previous rule had left these bodies intact, and though the legislature was a rubber stamp, it nevertheless remained to resume its functions when the caretaker period ended. Yet the Burmese seemed to expect a tighter rule this time, and accepted it with mute apprehension. Oddly, the real shocker was the government's declaration that a single-party system would be adopted.

Burmese politicians reacted violently to this proposal. The Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL) flatly refused to join the single party, though it prudently added that it would "co-operate with the government in the implementation of the socialist program." The Pyidaungsu (Union) Party of U Nu reluctantly agreed to join. Only the National United Front (NUF), the strongest of Burma's Communist parties, enthusiastically supported the government's proposal.

What was startling about Ne Win's move toward a single-party system strongly supported by the NUF was the reversal of his 1958 position. Then Ne Win had taken over the government when Burma was falling into chaos because of Communist agitation. His earliest moves in 1958 were to crack down on the Communist parties. He arrested the secretary-general of the NUF, politburo members of the Burma Workers and Peasants Party, and most of the influential left-wing members of parliament. For the sake of eventually restoring a democratic system, he permitted political parties to remain in existence. This time, the general has supposedly put an end to all partisan politics. In practice, however, the single-party plan has not yet been implemented. Instead the moderate socialist democratic parties have fallen silent, while the once-repressed radical Socialist and Communist parties have again emerged.

From the beginning, the Burmese were puzzled and worried by Ne Win's move toward a single party. First, it was a violation of the unwritten ground rules of the nation's political game. More important, although Ne Win is considered to be above partisan politics, it seemed to leave Burma open to a brutal power struggle when the *bogyoke* retires or dies. Also, as one high-ranking American diplomat told me: "This is a classic Communist move. If a single party's established, the infighting is likely to result in Communist domination."

WHERE, the people wondered, was Ne Win leading the nation? Then, last July, Burma was shaken to its roots by a student riot at Rangoon University. It began in the thirty-four-year-old Student Union Building, long the sanctuary and school for budding Burmese politicians. Within its sacrosanct walls such Burmese leaders as Aung San (father of Burma's independence), U Nu, U Thant, and Ne Win himself talked politics and formed ideas, immune from arrest or recrimination.

The riot had strangely mixed causes. Its ostensible pretext was a

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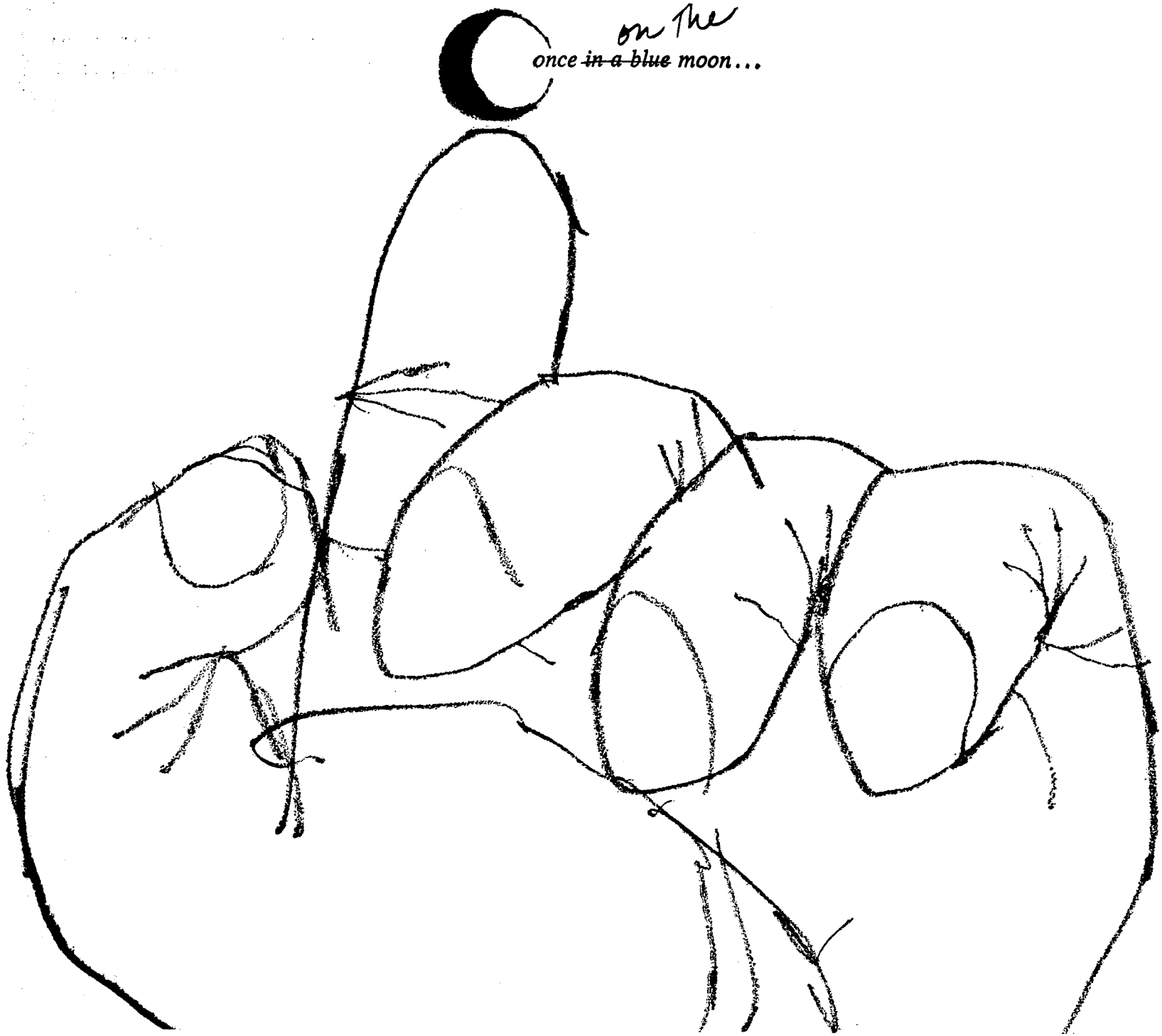

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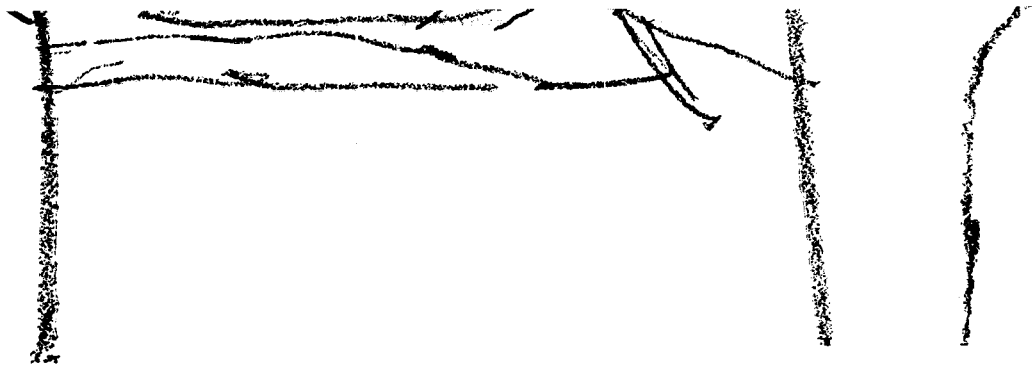

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government hostel regulation that ordered students to stay in their rooms between eight and eleven in the evening—the aimless gathering hours of the students, a time when an uprising or demonstration could best occur. The government obviously thought that such a demonstration was possible: the students, traditionally liberal, were aroused because the government had interfered with the university by appointing its own rector. But more basic was the students' distaste for the proposed single-party system, and the disapproval came from divergent political camps among them.

IT TOOK two days, some odd events, mistaken government strategy, and sixteen hundred students to heat the riot to a fiery pitch of hysteria. Finally, to quell the mob, the army fired into it with automatic weapons: sixteen students were killed, and twenty-seven wounded. The university was closed, then reopened only to the carefully screened. Political discussion of any kind has since been banned to safeguard the student body from "falling prey to scheming politicians."

The morning after the riot, on a quiet Sunday, Rangoon was shaken by a tremendous blast: the Student Union Building had been dynamited to rubble. "We had to destroy it," the official statement from the Revolutionary Council said. "It was a haven for underground leaders plotting the overthrow of the government."

That same evening, one of the men who had himself used the "haven" spoke on the radio. It was General Ne Win's first public speech since taking power. "We realize that this unhappy episode was inspired not by student interests alone but by certain political organizations," he said. "I shall have no alternative but to meet sword with sword and spear with spear." Then, without naming the organizations, he warned them not to impede "the Burmese way to socialism."

The speech was enigmatic, to say the least. Western diplomats hopefully interpreted "certain political organizations" to mean the Communists, and undoubtedly there were Communists among the rioters. But the best and most logical explanation of the riot came from a veteran foreign resident of Burma: "A student uprising in Burma must always be considered as a special case," he said. "There are students who are Communist, students who are anti-Communist, and students who are just frustrated, either politically or sexually. In this riot, the lines were particularly muddy. Aside from the students who just got swept up by the mob, there were many who undoubtedly were against the new hostel regulations, others whose democratic principles were offended by the dictatorship and the single-party system, and some who think Ne Win is too far Right and want the country to move more rapidly into Communism. It is not a question of black, white, or red, and Ne Win knows it better than anyone. Long ago, Ne Win said that some day he would have to deal with the students, and now he has."

The Military's Brand of Marxism

Though Burma's ruling body revealed its tactics with harsh strokes, its political strategy remained uncertain. Nobody was quite sure (or at least willing to accept) what *was* "The Burmese Way to Socialism."

But the government's seven-page document laid down an economic philosophy that sounded eminently Marxist: "The Revolutionary Council of the Union of Burma does not believe that man will be set free from social evils as long as pernicious economic systems exist in which man exploits man and lives on the fat of such appropriation. The Council believes it to be only possible when exploitation of man by man is brought to an end and a socialist economy based on justice is achieved."

To achieve this end by way of a socialist economy, the government paved the way with familiar dictums: it was necessary to study "the natural conditions peculiar to Burma objectively," "to strive for self-improvement by way of self-criticism," to establish an economy which is "the planned, proportional development of all the national productive forces," to nationalize "vital means of production such as agricultural and industrial production, distribution, transportation," etc., to plan so that "every able individual will have work according to his ability" and "values that accrue will be distributed in accordance with the quantity and quality of labour expended by each individual in social production."

Yet, despite this clear-cut Marxist outlook, many people were misled by the statement that "national private enterprises which contribute to national productive forces will be allowed with fair and reasonable restrictions." There is only one "national private" enterprise in Burma: the Burma Economic Development Corporation (BEDC), which is owned and run by the army. It controls thirty-five major companies that cross all lines of Burma's economy. Its Ava Bank, Ltd., alone has assets of $10.31 million.

"To foreign investors," said a laconic Burmese businessman, "the BEDC is called a private corporation. To the Burmese, it's labeled a public corporation."

When General Ne Win took control last March, he replaced the moderate chairman of BEDC with left-wing Brigadier Tin Pe. Tin Pe also became minister of the Cooperatives of Commodities Distribution and chairman of the Central Council of Procurement and Distribution. Thus, the whole economy was fundamentally in the hands of a man who was the former president of the Burmese Socialist Party. As his personal adviser, Tin Pe chose Ba Nyein, an economist known for his fervent belief in Communist economic doctrine.

THE BURMESE ECONOMY is now controlled directly by means of "acceptable socialism" and indirectly by the "national private" enterprise, the BEDC. Recently, the BEDC moved to force out the last of the major privately owned British interests in Burma. It all adds up to a modified Communist economy, not a socialist one.

Concurrently with the publication of "The Burmese Way to Socialism" in April, Ne Win also declared that the big private American aid foundations, the Asia Foundation and the Ford Foundation, were unwanted in Burma. He instructed them to complete the projects they had under way, then leave. In the past nine years, the Ford Foundation gave a

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million dollars annually to Burma, and maintained a staff of fourteen technicians in various fields of education. The Asia Foundation gave $300,000 in annual aid. Both U.S. and British government aid was also reduced.

The official reason for this wholesale reduction of aid from the West was that the Burmese should pursue the principle of "self-reliance." But it was noticed that Burma was still willing to rely heavily on Soviet and Chinese aid, particularly the latter. A flock of Chinese technicians came into Burma.

The drift of the internal political and economic policies of the country today could lead to a "Burmese way" to Communism. What is missing is the dogmatic adherence to a stated doctrine and the fanatic indoctrination. General Ne Win, uncommitted to any particular political ideology, has nevertheless established a dictatorship which seems more than a little susceptible to Communism. This drift may be an outgrowth of Burma's postwar predilection for some form of socialism. The men the *bogyoke* has chosen as advisers and the influence of the Chinese have helped formalize this trend.

One-sided Censorship

But if China's influence seeps into the internal affairs of the country, it positively floods into Burma's foreign policy. The boundary agreement is the keynote. However, the Sino-Indian war has brought the clearest revelations. When the conflict broke out, the government immediately issued directives that local Indians and Chinese were not to comment on the situation. But the government's censorship revealed its thinking. The pro-western English-language newspapers of Rangoon kept a discreet editorial silence, while the leftist Burmese-language papers, particularly *Ludu* ("The People"), were allowed to support the Chinese. And when China initiated the cease-fire, the whole network of Communist organizations in Burma applauded.

¶ The Burma Workers Party and the People's Comrade Party made a joint statement: "It is correct that China will not recognize the McMahon Line, which is a legacy of the British Colonialists." Now, "The Indian government should make a positive response and accept the fair and reasonable Chinese proposals."

¶ The All Burma Committee of the World Peace Congress "welcomes and supports the farseeing initiative action of the Chinese government"—while it condemns U.S. imperialism for "shamefully intervening in the affairs of others" and "undermining the unity of the Asian people."

¶ *Ludu* said: "The Nehru government must change its attitude at once and settle the boundary question with China through peaceful negotiations."

¶ The People's Democracy Party of Burma, after chastising the British and Americans, and hailing the Chinese initiative for a cease-fire, stated: "We warmly support Ceylon's Prime Minister Mrs. Bandaranaike's proposal to hold a six-nation meeting, including Burma, to promote the peaceful settlement of the Sino-Indian boundary question, and the acceptance of the proposal by General Ne Win, Chairman of the Burma Revolutionary Council, to participate."

Seven of the nations in Southeast Asia form a natural geographic unit: Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, North Vietnam, and South Vietnam. Only three of these nations do not share borders with Red China: Malaya, Thailand, and South Vietnam. All three are strongly pro-West. But South Vietnam touches on Communist North Vietnam, and is now fighting desperately to remain independent. Yet, in a sense, North Vietnam too is fighting for independence—independence from China. Ho Chi Minh has tried to play the role of an elder statesman, treading a careful line between the Sino-Soviet dispute. It is interesting to note that while North Vietnam has given its "all-out support" to China's proposed settlement of the Sino-Indian war, when the fight was actually raging on the border North Vietnam restrained its press criticism of India—unlike North Korea. Ho Chi Minh was obviously worried about the Soviet position. He wants his country to remain a Communist neutral.

The truly nonaligned nations, Cambodia, Laos, and Burma, lean to the Left because of the sheer proximity of Red China. But they have tried to maintain their balance of neutralism by first criticizing and then courting both the Communist and the western blocs. In a recent interview, Cambodia's leader, Prince Sihanouk, put the matter succinctly: "Our survival depends on that of the two blocs. The moment one is defeated, we should have the other on top of us right away."

But the point is that there are today really three major blocs: the Chinese and the Soviets being two, the West the third. For the neutral nations in Southeast Asia, independence may now very well depend on treading the narrow line between the two Communist blocs, as North Vietnam tries to do. Burma typifies the enigma, and it would seem that General Ne Win, almost from the moment he took power last March, foresaw the problem.

"Ne Win may intend to make Burma a nonaligned Communist nation," said a British diplomat long a resident of Burma. "However, the Chinese are much more clever at this political game than the Burmese, and one day Burma may find itself aligned not only against the West but even Russia."

The words underlined Burma's problem—and, incidentally, the problem of the rest of the nonaligned nations in Southeast Asia: the balance of neutralism is becoming less and less tenable, for the simple reason that the two-tray balance of blocs is now antiquated.

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The Tortuous Path Of the Indian C. P.

DONALD KIRK

NEW DELHI

THE RIOT caught both police and Communists by surprise. Nearly ten thousand students, carrying torches and anti-Communist banners, surrounded the central party headquarters of the Communist Party of India near the ancient sandstone gate that separates modern New Delhi from the old city of Delhi. The more violent among them surged into the building and succeeded in burning books and propaganda and destroying office records and furniture. For almost an hour, until the police dispersed it with tear gas and sticks, the mob was uncontrollable.

The sight of the mob and the havoc it created may have had a sobering effect on the emergency session of the Communist Party's 109-man national council, hastily called to formulate a policy on the border conflict with Communist China. At any rate, the council the next day resolved by a three-to-one majority that the party should support Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru and his government against the Chinese invasion.

This desperate bid for public support was not altogether successful, however, in lessening national distrust of the party and its 197,000 members. In the weeks since the resolution was adopted on November 1, some five hundred Communists have been jailed under emergency powers proclaimed by President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. Newspapers and politicians every day demand that the party be outlawed. Its influence in parliament, where its twenty-nine seats are a distant second to the ruling Congress Party's 348, has receded to a minimum. Indeed, the popularity of Communism in India has fallen to its lowest level since the agrarian revolts of 1949. Moreover, the intra-party rift between the "China lobby" and the Muscovites remains unsettled despite stony-faced declarations of universal adherence to the resolution condemning China.

Mission to Moscow

The anxious struggle to convince the public of the party's good faith and to eliminate internal dissension is led by Shripat Amrit Dange, the party chairman. Dange, sixty-three, a tough-minded career Communist, got his start in Bombay in 1920 by writing a pamphlet on Gandhi and Lenin and subsequently rose to the presidency of the All India Trades Union Congress and the vice-presidency of the World Federation of Trade Unions. Ever since the Chinese take-over of Tibet and the first border clashes with Indian soldiers in late 1959, the short, wiry party boss has sided with the party's Moscow-oriented rightists in their ideological battle with the leftists, who look for leadership to Peking. Not until the Chinese invasion on October 20, however, did he get a real opportunity to implement his views.

The same crisis that threatened to destroy the Communist Party of India has strengthened Dange's somewhat shaky leadership of the CPI. One reason for the new respect accorded the chairman, even by the party leftists, is that he is the only Communist leader who has the ear of Pandit Nehru. Indeed, Dange was able to persuade Nehru to let him go on a two-week trip to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe in December to explain the position of the CPI to leaders of other Communist Parties.

While both Nehru and Dange have refused to comment on the trip, it is clear that Dange's mission was almost semi-diplomatic in tone. The hope, of course, was that Dange in explaining the party's position might deepen the already existing wedge between the Soviet states and Communist China and arouse more sympathy for India. "My aim is to bring about a climate of settlement of the border dispute and restoration of peace," Dange declared before leaving. "The country's interests are CPI's interests."

In terms of CPI's interests, Dange's trip was also regarded as the best way to avoid isolation from the international Communist movement. For several years, as the Soviet Union has sought good relations with the Nehru government, its stake in CPI's welfare has waned. Indeed, one reason advanced for the ideological rift within CPI is the lack of clear direction from Moscow. A suggestion that CPI would now ignore Moscow as well as Peking and operate strictly as a national party was rejected on the grounds that the Communist movement in India would lose its guiding force and disintegrate. If Dange could promise CPI's firm support for the Soviet Union in its ideological dispute with China, the danger of CPI's isolation might be averted.

THE PARTY LEADERSHIP also hoped that Dange's trip would help nullify anti-Communist sentiment aroused by Russia's plea for negotiations between China and India in contrast to the unequivocal support for India shown by the United States and the western powers. In pursuing this aim and trying to avoid isolation at the same time, the party has circulated a series of letters among Communist Parties in other countries setting forth its position. Despite large "China lobbies" in all Asian countries not otherwise controlled by China, the party has found strong support for its stand. But it is in Russia and Eastern Europe, as the Dange mission indicates, that CPI has found its strongest support.

In return for his pledge to help swing the Communist Parties and governments of other countries to India's side, Dange obtained the release of E. M. S. Namboodiripad, the party's secretary-general, jailed for five days at the height of the anti-Communist frenzy that swept the nation. More important, he was assured that his party might function as long as it behaved and that only members of the "China lobby" would be arrested. Dange, delighted with the agreement, could not have asked for a better way to get rid of his leftist enemies and solidify his own rightist leadership. Practically

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every pro-China Communist was caught in the wave of arrests.

Besides eliminating dissidents on the secretariat, the arrests aided Dange immeasurably in his job of reorganizing the party on the state and district levels. In West Bengal, home of the strongest pro-China faction, at least half the hundred-odd members of the state council were jailed, and the rest, all pro-government men, had little difficulty in electing new leaders without the enervating struggle that a purge would have required. The story was the same in Punjab, where twenty of twenty-four members were arrested. Elsewhere in the country the central government, sometimes operating through state police, continued to mop up the dissidents.

Patriots All

A month after the national council adopted its resolution, the central executive committee in a special meeting in New Delhi again tried to convince the public of CPI's patriotism and put the dissidents in their place. Going through the motions of protesting the arrests, the committee decided on a resolution reiterating "more forcibly than ever" its condemnation of the Chinese aggression.

While the committee was too concerned with demonstrating its loyalty to worry much about ideological pronouncements or local policies, it is clear that the intraparty ideological dispute is in large measure over. The resolution means that CPI must unquestionably support the Moscow line in all its phases while dismissing the Peking attitude as "chauvinism," socialism gone wrong. Moscow's good relations with New Delhi and the understanding between Nehru and Dange mean that CPI must also hew to the line that India is a "national democracy" dedicated to "broad democratic rights and freedoms" rather than, in the leftist opinion, a bourgeois state in need of a revolution. Those who adhere to the Peking line and oppose the government are either out of power or in jail. Either way, the effect is the same.

Seeking to implement its resolution on a local level, the committee again urged state and district units, branches, and committees to demonstrate their loyalty by staging or participating in as many anti-Chinese demonstrations as possible and fighting for seats on state and local defense councils. Party members ostentatiously donated money and jewels to the National Defence Fund and engaged in a verbal battle with members of opposition parties, competing only to see who could make the most patriotic speeches. "Forward to Defence of Motherland Under the Banner of Jawaharlal Nehru!" was the title of a pamphlet the party press published containing speeches by party members in parliament.

Party members have noisily applauded Nehru's insistence that the Chinese retreat behind their positions of September 8 before he will negotiate. They were conspicuously silent on the dismissal of Krishna Menon as defense minister. They have vociferously supported the government's statements on China's unilateral cease-fire proposal and withdrawal of troops, while conveniently labeling critics of the government "imperialists." And of course, all signs that the Soviet Union will come through on its offer to deliver MIG aircraft and build a MIG factory in India are wildly cheered in the party press and in parliament.

THE LEADERS of opposition parties, notably the right-wing Swatantra and Jana Sangh, have retaliated by refusing in some instances to sit on the same defense councils with the Communists and launching a propaganda campaign aimed at exposing Communist "deceit" and "treachery." The most virulent in denouncing the Communists is N. G. Ranga, the Swatantra leader, whose distaste for Communism is second only to his dislike of the Chinese. "Why does the government put up with these Communists?," he asked. "They are a Trojan horse within our borders." The Swatantra, third in parliament, with eighteen seats, and the Jana Sangh, fourth with fourteen, both hope to gain politically from the conflict at the expense of the Communists and left-wing elements of the Congress Party.

Significantly, few members of Nehru's own party have called for outlawing Communism. "We must take them at their word," said one Congress member of parliament, echoing the views of his prime minister. "We don't want anything like your McCarthy era in America." More practically, the Congress and Nehru realize that outlawing Communism, besides offending the Soviet Union and destroying whatever ability the party might have in drawing Russia further from China and closer to India, would create nationwide unrest. The Communists got ten per cent of the votes in the national elections last February, second only to the forty-five per cent polled by Congress, and controlled the government in one state, Kerala, for two years until an all-party opposition forced it out in 1959. The uprisings that might result from outlawing Communism, which derives much of its support from local issues such as tax reform and communalism, might be more than India could bear at the present moment.

If a national election were held today, even the Communists admit, the party would suffer heavy losses as a result of the border conflict. But India's Communists are not thinking in terms of hypothetical elections. For them, the future lies in their success in unifying the party against the Chinese, acting as patriotic as anyone else, and proving the party's value to the nation in coping with Russia and the Communist Parties of Eastern Europe.

By following the only line that is open to them and exploiting local issues wherever possible, India's Communists hope eventually to recoup some of their losses. If they can afford a philosophical attitude about the fury the conflict has aroused against them, it is in the knowledge that the next general elections are a long way off. Between now and 1967, anything might happen.

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Roger Milliken And the Textile Union

RICHARD GORRELL

On October 17, 1956, South Carolina State Senator James P. Mozingo III emerged from a meeting of the stockholders of the Darlington Manufacturing Company to utter a prophetic sentence. The stockholders, at the behest of Darlington's president, Roger Milliken, had just voted to close their cotton mill, which had been organized a few days before by the Textile Workers Union of America. Said Senator Mozingo, "I feel that Mr. Milliken's actions will return to haunt him."

For six years, the reverse was true: the specter of Darlington haunted TWUA organizing efforts. Darlington came to have a special meaning to Southern cotton-mill employees: it meant five hundred workers in a town of less than seven thousand thrown out of work because they had voted for unionization. Now, however, the ghost of Darlington Manufacturing has risen to haunt not only Mr. Milliken but every business in the nation. With two of its five members dissenting, the National Labor Relations Board ruled on October 18, 1962, that the mill had been closed because employees exercised their lawful rights of self-organization, that the closing was an unfair labor practice, and that Deering, Milliken, Inc., the parent corporation of Darlington, is liable for what the TWUA estimates at $7 million in back pay to the five hundred discharged employees. If the mill is not reopened, the board added, Deering, Milliken must offer employment to the discharged employees in its other mills in South Carolina or adjacent states and pay their travel and moving expenses.

In the view of the NLRB, the Darlington closing struck at the very root of the National Labor Relations Act by destroying the possibility of collective bargaining. Some cases already decided tend to bear out its finding. The Fourth Circuit found, for example, that an employer violated the act by shutting down his mine after threatening to do so because of his employees' union activities. On the other hand, NLRB member Philip Ray Rodgers, who dissented from the board's decision, found legal precedent in an opposing view. He cited a decision by the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals that held that "No one can be required to stay in private business and no one can be prevented from permanently closing . . . such a business. And the Act affords no basis on which to order a person to reinstate employees in a business which he has, with plain finality, put out of existence . . ."

In the Darlington case, both the company and the union have appealed the ruling. Deering, Milliken contends that the NLRB erred in finding that Darlington did not have the right to go out of business, while the union insists that the Darlington plant itself be reopened. Neither side doubts that the issue will find its way to the U.S. Supreme Court. Darlington has become one of the most important labor-relations cases in more than a decade.

The present NLRB is definitely moving back, as one union official has put it, "toward the old Wagner Act days." He meant, of course, that the board's decisions are becoming more favorable to labor. Recently, for example, it has made it mandatory for a company to bargain with a union before subcontracting work. The Republican minority complained at the time that such a rule could make impossible "the closing of an unnecessary facility" without union approval.

The Darlington case has the factor of "unnecessary facility," but the courts will have to weigh such a factor against the NLRB position that the mill was closed because the employees exercised their lawful rights to organize. On this score the board's majority said of Darlington President Roger Milliken: "He circulated a memorandum and editorial which was obviously intended as a primer to the managers of the mills in combatting union organization. During the organizational campaign, his pervasive influence was demonstrated by the statements of supervisory employees that Roger Milliken would close the plant rather than permit its unionization. Moreover, it was Roger Milliken who, with the approval of his family, decided to close the plant, admittedly because the employees had exercised their rights under the act and selected the [union] as their representative. And finally it was Roger Milliken who told a stockholder and director that he would not operate the mill as long as there was 'seventeen per cent of the hard core' labor people remaining in the mill."

"It seems to us," Milliken said not long ago, "that the board's denial of the right of an employer to go out of business in the face of economic threats such as were proposed to Darlington places unwarranted and unlawful obstacles in the path of American businessmen in their efforts to adapt their operations to a rapidly changing economic scene. The board's refusal to recognize this right to go out of business will be alarming and distressing news to all employers." A reversal by the courts, however, would be equally alarming and distressing to the TWUA, which believes it may have regained the offensive in organizing textile mills in the South.

In 1955, prior to Darlington's closing, the TWUA had won thirty-two per cent of its organization elections. In 1957, the figure dropped to fifteen per cent, and since then the union has been able to win only around nineteen per cent of its elections.

"Darlington," I was told by TWUA Washington representative John Edelman, has been "used as a propaganda weapon against us in every election since the plant closed. We have lost elections because employees are fearful of mill closings, dismissals, and long periods of unemployment. This decision will stiffen the backs of leadership."

Seldom has there been so much at stake for both sides in an NLRB decision.

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The Superfluous People Of Hazard, Kentucky

JOHN ED PEARCE

BERMAN GIBSON is not an accomplished speaker. But when he harangues his audience of striking miners in the drab courtroom of the Perry County courthouse he tells the price of automation in brutally human terms. Hearing him, it is easy to grasp the underlying tragedy of the strike and the violence that is once again tearing the coal fields of eastern Kentucky's mountains.

A tall, fleshy man of forty-five, heavy-jawed and with slightly protruding upper teeth, Gibson paces the floor, damning the iniquities of his enemies—the coal operators, the union officials, the sheriff, local merchants not sympathetic to the strike—and waving his arms as though directing the audience in its performance as a rustic Greek chorus.

"Why, Godamighty, it ain't RIGHT!" he bellows. "Man out here bragging he made sixty thousand dollars in sixty days and the men that made it for him taking home four, six dollars a day!" ("Not right!" echoes the audience. "No, sir.") "It ain't RIGHT a man gives his kids cars to drive to school in and them just in high school and the man that makes it for him down in the mines can't feed his kids, can't put shoes on 'em." ("Not right," keens the audience.)

"Now," he says reasonably, "we got nothing against an operator making a profit. Want him to. But when he does it working a man sixty hours paying him sixteen dollars, then we got something to say! And we say they ain't going to make no sixty thousand dollars on nonunion coal! They talk about vilence. Let 'em hire all the gun thugs they want. We shut 'em down, and we'll keep 'em shut down till we get a union contract, and if they try to run that nonunion coal over us there'll be blood on the roads!" ("Union contract!" shout the listeners. "That's it.") Loud applause, led by Gibson's wife and his pretty, bouncy daughter, a cheer leader at the local high school who claps her hands and laughs delightedly at her father's sallies.

VIOLENCE there has certainly been since roving bands of strikers began picketing the truck mines of the region early in September—shootings, beatings, burning, and dynamiting. Roads have been blocked, trucks wrecked, cars overturned. By December 1 the picket caravan had grown to five hundred men, and on several occasions only a handful of state police stood between armed pickets and gun-carrying guards hired by operators.

Had it not been for a heavy snowfall, the second week of December might well have been the bloodiest in the bitter history of eastern Kentucky. But the snow, followed by icy cold, slicked and clogged the twisting mountain roads, immobilizing the pickets and giving Governor Bert Combs and Labor Commissioner Carl Cabe time to arrange a truce. But the central issue behind the strike—the mining of nonunion coal—remains unresolved, and as long as it remains unresolved the ordeal of eastern Kentucky will continue.

The current strike is a curious one. Though it was sparked by the refusal of operators of small truck mines to sign or obey contracts with the United Mine Workers of America, and though most of the strikers are UMW men, this is not a union strike. The union did not call it and union officials have tried, with significant lack of success, to stop it. The strike is intended to force operators to sign union contracts, and the strikers resent the failure of the union to support them. The union takes another view.

"They don't know what they're doing," I was told by Bill Perkins, chief of the Hazard UMW office, and for years known throughout eastern Kentucky as a tough strike leader and picket-line fighter. "They've got no authority. They couldn't write a contract with an operator if he was willing to sign. They holler because we didn't strike these mines not paying scale and the royalty. But you couldn't get one of them to sign a grievance, and before we can call a strike we're required by law and the UMW contract to go through regular grievance procedures, then strike if it isn't settled. If we don't, we're violating our own contract, and how can we ask operators to stick to the contract if *we* don't?"

Royalty and Hospitals

Months before the trouble started, many operators admitted they were paying their men far below union scale. But the lid blew off when, in the last week of August, hundreds of miners received letters from the UMW Welfare and Retirement Fund revoking their cherished welfare cards. These cards make them and their families eligible for free treatment at the union's Miners Memorial Hospitals, an ultramodern chain of ten hospitals built by the union in 1954, splendidly staffed and equipped and supported by the forty-cent royalty paid by operators to the fund for each ton of coal they produce. The miners were told they were being denied welfare benefits because the operators for whom they worked were not paying

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the royalty. The next day a group of "unidentified men" stormed the mine of a nonpaying operator near the Harlan County line, chased off the crew, and dynamited the mine machinery.

At first the UMW officials were not too concerned over the wildcat strike that followed. It appeared to be a formless thing led by men like Lee Howell, a Floyd County miner, and Berman Gibson, a former miner, farmer, and dairy-truck driver whose son Mickey is a basketball star at the University of Kentucky. Gibson's chief function seemed to be whipping up morale, while Howell performed as the real leader, but the strikers often seemed without plan or purpose, and few people thought the walkout would last long.

Then on October 12 the Welfare Fund of the UMW announced that it would offer to sell four of its six Kentucky hospitals to the communities in which they were located, and implied that if the communities did not buy them they would be closed. Fund officials blamed the declining number of union miners and the resulting disproportionate operating costs.

To eastern Kentucky the announcement was a shock. Even with the union hospitals, the region suffers a severe shortage of medical care. Some counties have no other hospitals. Chronic depression, largely caused by declining mine payrolls, has plagued the area for fifteen years. In Perry County, fourteen thousand of the county's thirty-six thousand residents line up regularly to receive free Federal surplus food, and it is not the worst. In every one of the thirty-two eastern counties, between twenty-two and forty per cent of the people are "on commodities."

But to the miners it was little short of terrifying. Overnight, the small band of pickets grew to caravans of a hundred, a hundred and fifty, and two hundred cars which moved through the area, closing mines by a show of force.

"You gotta have money to run hospitals," Berman Gibson thundered to his audience of pickets, "and the money's gotta come from the royalty! If these operators won't pay the royalty, we'll just keep them shut down till they do." ("We shore will," affirmed the audience.)

"They say 'fore the union hospitals came, operators took care of their men's welfare. You remember how they took care of you, don't you?" ("Lord, yes!") "Only thing they took was money outa your pocket, and did you ever see a doctor?" "Three dollars for hospital, four for doctor, Gibson!" shouted one man. "I got a stack of them slips home now, fifteen year worth. Never got nothing for them." ("That's right, nothing for 'em.")

"Yessir," said Gibson, "three for hospital and four for doctor, and

maybe you'd see a company doctor oncet a year, and when they taken you to the hospital it was charity. Your baby get sick, like as not he'd die 'fore you could get a doctor. You get hurt in the mines, like as not you'd die before they could get you to Lexington to a hospital. Go down one of these private hospitals now. They say you're charity, they feed you commodities. But when you get out, brother, they give you a bill that would choke a cow, and if you don't pay it, they'll law you.

"No community's gonna run our hospitals. Only one bunch can run our hospitals." ("The United Mine Workers!") "That's right. And we're gonna keep on, boys, till we get a contract and these operators pay the royalty and we keep our hospitals."

Old John Lewis Had a Plan

Unfortunately, the trouble is not simply the royalty or union contracts. The trouble springs from a decision by John L. Lewis shortly after the Second World War to further the mechanization of America's mines, and to shrink mine labor from many untrained, ill-paid men to a few skilled, highly paid union members, working in a safer, more stable industry. Through a series of well-timed strikes, he forced wages up until the operators were obliged to mechanize to save manpower costs. Today 160,000 miners produce as much coal as 700,000 did twenty-five years ago.

At the same time, he forced the operators to lump fringe benefits into a single forty-cent royalty paid into the newly established Welfare Fund for each ton of coal mined. The royalty supports pensions and medical care for the union miner, who is today a skilled technician, paid upward of $24.25 a day, given paid vacations, and assured the finest medical care in the United States.

The big coal and steel firms, financially able to invest in new machines, have benefited from the Lewis decision. Increased production has more than offset contract costs, and the industry's wage costs have dropped from $940 million in 1923 to about $700 million in 1962. Fifty-seven big firms control sixty per cent of production. The Peabody Coal Company produced more coal in 1961 than all the 2,558 truck mines in Kentucky.

But the tens of thousands of displaced miners, and small operators not able to make the investment, were victims. In eastern Kentucky they sought to survive by opening truck mines, but the competition is lopsided. They must truck their coal to rail sidings and pay tipple owners to load it on cars. They have no access to low-cost water shipment and no direct rail access to many markets. Something has to give, and it is usually the contract.

Of the hundreds of truck mines opened in Kentucky during the past fifteen years, most have signed union contracts, but Welfare Fund records show that few have honored them. Almost eighty per cent of the Kentucky operators failed to pay a dime last year. There is evidence that wage provisions have been equally violated. Miners at the Gibson meetings flourish envelopes indicating

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daily wages as low as four dollars, and weekly take-home of sixteen dollars.

Yet the mines continue to operate because of the labor surplus. The state's 80,000 miners of 1940 have dwindled to about 30,000, of whom 12,000 work in rail mines, 18,000 in truck mines. The union lists 15,000 members, but this figure includes pensioners.

The union has found it hard to organize the small mines. Thousands of miners who want to have a union contract are willing to work without one. Townspeople are hostile, fearing that enforcement of union terms will drive out a majority of the small operators and the payrolls they create.

THE ROLE of law enforcement in the current strike has been a source of controversy. After a railway bridge was burned, two tipples were blasted, and a nonunion operator's home was riddled by gunshot, residents of Perry, Letcher, Pike, and Harlan Counties demanded that the National Guard be sent in to keep order. Governor Combs refused, saying, "I can't send troops against men whose only sin is wanting a living."

The role of Perry County Sheriff Charlie Combs (himself a coal operator) is also controversial. Though he denies that his deputies are used as guards or strikebreakers, he admits to having seventy-two deputies, only four of whom are paid by the county. ("They just like to be deputies so they can carry a gun," he explained.) He claims that the recent grand jury that indicted him on three counts, among them involuntary manslaughter, included nine pickets, and declares that he is confident of acquittal.

But he admits that he has made considerable money out of the coal business, that he does not pay union scale or royalty, and that he has no use for the UMW.

"Could you operate under a union?," he was asked.

"We could operate under a decent union, yes."

"Do you consider the United Mine Workers decent?"

"I do not."

For statements like these, Combs is hated by the strikers and ridiculed at their meetings.

"I got an idea old Charlie's gonna hear that old hoot owl one of these nights," says Berman Gibson, grinning slyly at his audence. "Old hoot owl's gonna be saying 'Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.'" This convulses the strikers, who know the old mountain belief that the call of a hoot owl is an omen of approaching death for someone in the family. ("Heel," they chuckle. "Old hoot owl'll come for him.") "Yessir, wouldn't be suprised if old hoot owl don't just swoop down and carry old Charlie plumb off."

Big and Small Together

Amid these clashing forces, the union finds itself in a dangerous middle position. Organization of the truck mines is bound to be a bloody, costly job. But if the union fails to drive out the nonunion operators, it is going to find itself under increasing pressure from the big unionized firms from which it draws its sustenance. (Seventy-five per cent of the Welfare Fund's royalty income is derived from less than one per cent of the nation's coal firms.)

The big firms have said to the union, in effect: "If you permit these small firms to operate without a contract, you are putting us at a competitive disadvantage. Furthermore, you are requiring us to subsidize our competitors by paying the royalty that provides pensions and medical care for their workers. We prefer a unionized industry. The contract puts everyone on an equal working basis and reduces cutthroat price cutting. But unless you eliminate this unfair advantage enjoyed by our nonunion competitors, you will force us to consider going nonunion, too."

The union cannot afford to let this happen. It can afford small-time delinquents, but without the big firms it is lost. And already it has had a taste of what this could mean. During the past year, two of the biggest independently owned Kentucky companies, South East Coal and Blue Diamond, broke away from the union in order to meet truck-mine competition. For prestige as well as for financial reasons (South East paid $154,262 in royalties last year, Blue Diamond $712,000) the union needs to get them back. If it doesn't, the virus could spread.

For this reason, the officials of District 30, embracing the strike-torn counties, were called to Washington in December for an unusual policy meeting, indicating that the high command of the UMW regards the eastern Kentucky situation with the greatest seriousness. They also believe that the meeting will produce plans for one more all-out effort to unionize the mines of eastern Kentucky, big and small alike.

The fact is that the union cannot permit the situation to persist. It is significant, too, that a union hospital doctor has warned that the union may eventually close more than the four hospitals now slated for disposal. If the union is indeed thinking of closing others, it must anticipate a further drop in union membership—the kind of drop that would result from an organizing drive that would put hundreds of small operators and their employees out of business.

Whatever happens, the ordeal of eastern Kentucky seems certain to continue. If the union fails, it will be driven from Kentucky, and the result, in the words of one operator, will be "a jungle, with each man cutting prices and wages until we're all broke." If it succeeds, there will be higher payrolls but fewer of them, and there will be thousands of additional people in the long lines that form in the mining towns to receive free food from the government.

"TALK ABOUT CUBA!" shouted Berman Gibson. "Why, things are worse here than they are in Cuba. But they ain't gonna stay that way. If this meetin' Governor Combs has set up don't get us a contract, we'll put you on the road again. We'll stay out till we get a United Mine Workers contract, till we can put shoes on our kids and feed them school lunch. The money's there. We know that. We just want it spread around a little, and the only way we can do it is to stop this nonunion coal and get ever' man working under a contract." ("That's right," responded his tired, oppressed, weather-beaten chorus, not sensing the tides of economic and technological change against which they are struggling. "We'll get back under that contract.")

But not all of them will.

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The New Year and the Nation
Yearly review of domestic news.
Tuesday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

The Minuteman Missile
Part II of a documentary study.
Tuesday, January 1 (10:30-11 PM)

The First Lady
Historical vignettes, with Colleen Dewhurst, Nancy Wickwire, and Ann Harding.
Wednesday, January 2 (7:30-8 PM)

Impact of an Execution
Ralph Bellamy, Ruby Dee, and Peggy Ann Garner in a drama of a surgeon's dilemma.
Thursday, January 3 (10-11 PM)

The Role of Rhythm in Music
Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic in works by Franck and Copland.
Saturday, January 5 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Projection '63
Shape of the news in the year ahead.
Sunday, January 6 (10-11 PM)

Closing the Ring
Churchill's memoirs of Teheran.
Friday, January 11 (7:30-8 P.M.)

Tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy
Sunday, January 13 (4-5 PM)

Russians: Self-Impressions
Scenes from Russian literature.
Wednesday, January 16 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Parnassus '63
Readings from Shaw, Frost, and MacLeish.
Sunday, January 20 (11-11:30 AM)

Hollywood: The Fabulous Era
30 years of film history, with Henry Fonda.
Wednesday, January 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World of Benny Goodman
Documentary profile includes USSR tour.
Thursday, January 24 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Love of Three Kings
Curtin and Tozzi in Montemezzi's opera.
Sunday, January 27 (2-4 PM)

The Death of Stalin
Study of six crucial years in the Kremlin.
Sunday, January 27 (10-11 PM)

* * *

Mon.-Fri. Regularly Scheduled Programs
Continental Classroom
  Atomic Age Physics
  American Government
College of the Air
  The American Economy
Today
Calendar
Discovery '63

Mondays: David Brinkley's Journal

Tuesdays: Chet Huntley Reporting

Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Fridays: Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
International Showtime
Eyewitness

Saturdays: Reading Room
Exploring
Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Camera Three
Meet the Professor
Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers
Wild Kingdom
This Is NBC News
Update
College Bowl
The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color
Voice of Firestone
Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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Two Gatherings

REIKO NAGURA

THE DINNER PARTY had arrived at the stage of relaxed cordiality that comes after the meal. As the evening progressed, I began to wonder where, geographically speaking, I was. The pseudo-Japanese furniture of the room was in perfect accord with the fashion of New York. From the stereo machine in the corner flowed the B Minor Suite. Occasionally glancing toward the other guests, I could hear nothing but Bach—I could see their mouths opening and closing, but their topics remained a secret. On the low table before me stood glasses of wine. New York? London? Paris? And yet this was Tokyo. The cosmopolitan atmosphere was all the more extraordinary to me because I was a native, a Japanese, and very much aware of the fact. The Bach came to an end. We could hear now the voices of all the guests in the room, and grew somewhat self-conscious. Our individual topics faded out, as if we all were aware that the islands must now cease to exist and join to create a continent.

A large American took the floor—not exactly the floor, for he was sitting next to me on the soft sofa, creating, by the weight of his heavy person, a sort of valley. I, being much lighter, was obliged to maintain my balance on a slope. Whenever he made an excited gesture the sofa bounced, as if responding to his enthusiasm, and I risked rolling down toward him. I began to wonder lazily what was the geological term for this phenomenon—the pressure of a heavy body causing the uplift of nearby lighter strata. Something-static. Eustatic, was it? Or Eustacy? Or Estacy?

Between the words in the long series I continued to make up in my head, I caught snatches of the discussion. The guests were talking about the "insular quality" of the Japanese people. The American next to me, whose name was Jack Stowe, had the record—highest among the non-Japanese of the company—of five years' residence in Japan. Across the room, a smartly dressed middle-aged lady who had only arrived in Japan the day before listened with all the eagerness of a newcomer. From time to time her wide-open eyes rested on me—a young woman in a kimono and therefore the most Japanese-looking of all the people in the room—as if to verify Mr. Stowe's authoritative words. There were four other Japanese present, sitting passive and unresisting in their chairs, while Mr. Stowe expounded his opinions about their race.

"After you are here ten years, you begin to think you understand them. But after twenty years, you realize you don't."

"I believe that is because of their passion for saving face," said an English journalist. "They care so much for external appearances that they seldom open their hearts to you."

"But don't you think that makes for a certain sense of mystery?" asked Mrs. Jones, the middle-aged lady. "If they were the same as our neighbors back home, it wouldn't be interesting." She laughed a hearty American laugh.

"But it's frustrating, too, you know." The sofa trembled and groaned with Mr. Stowe.

"I agree," said Mr. Benson, the Englishman.

Just at that moment I recalled the word I was searching for; it was "isostasy," of course! I smiled joyfully to myself, only to notice that Mr. Stowe and Mrs. Jones were looking at me curiously. So this was it, the Oriental Smile—smiling for no reason! Inscrutable and exotic! What could she be thinking of? "Isostasy, isostasy," I repeated silently in my head in a vain attempt to dispel the illusion which I saw clearly reflected in their eyes, clinging to the arm of the sofa so as not to collide with Mr. Stowe.

Mr. Stowe turned to me and said, "Ah, Takako-san! How are you?"

"Fine," I replied, for what else would I say? I regretted that I had come in my kimono. All the accumulated legend about the kimono and Japanese womanhood began to oppress and intimidate me. I felt that whatever I might say or do would be too weak to overcome this myth, for those who held the dreams believed in them too stubbornly. The conviction in Mr. Stowe's voice made me feel that I would have to give in to my storybook identity, if only to be polite.

"Which traditional arts do you study?" he asked.

"The tea ceremony," I replied. The truth sounded ironical to me.

"Ah, the tea ceremony!" cried Mr. Stowe. "How wonderful! How wonderful to have a little time for yourself, to forget the cares of the world."

Mrs. Jones nodded intensely. This is what she had come to see: an authentic Japanese maiden.

"I wonder," came the Englishman's low, aloof voice. "The tea cult is one of the most incomprehensible and alien aspects of Japanese life for me. All that formality and slow

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tempo. No doubt there is a quaint charm about it—but no, I don't understand. And it seems to me that it was a method of cultivating resignation among the Samurai. So it is distinctly related to the worship of death. The annihilation of the individual in Zen—that is a most frightful thought for me. Most frightful."

Mrs. Jones nodded, impressed.

I SENSED a pair of purple horns and a purple tail, conjured by Mr. Benson's experienced mind, sprouting from all the Japanese there. We were being transformed into "the Japanese," that disturbing product of the western imagination. In vain I tried to cling to my identity. I glanced around at the faces of the Japanese guests: they were listening quietly with polite smiles, which made the horns and tails seem all the more sinister. Then I looked at the foreign guests. Whose fault was it that a wall existed between us? If it was the fault of the Japanese, who did not bother to explain themselves, was it not also the fault of those who insisted on walls and insularity? If you went on painting one colorful interpretation after another on the wall, then even after you discovered you had been wrong and tried to scrape off the thick paint with a knife, you would no longer know which was the original image. In order to reach an understanding, it was useless to dwell on differences. You had first to make sure of what was shared.

Mr. Stowe was now defending the tea cult to Mr. Benson. "It was a means of appreciating art. Extremely delicate and refined."

Should I try to break through the wall? "I am ashamed to say this," I began, "but I take the tea ceremony completely for granted. I don't think of trying to have a time for myself, or anything especially noble. I go mainly because I want to see my friends. It's something that comes naturally to us."

Mr. Stowe turned to face this unexpected interruption. "But you respect it, don't you?" He talked to me as if to a child. "You do it with a certain solemn feeling, to attain an inner peace—what should I say—a serenity? I've seen it being done, and it's a most solemn thing, I can tell you."

"What you say is right, but we are young, you see." All eyes were turned on me, and this made me nervous. "When we were younger some of us used to cut our lessons to go to see American movies—musicals at that. Girls are girls . . ."

Mr. Benson laughed sardonically.

"Oh, no!" moaned Mrs. Jones. "The whole world is becoming American! I've been so disappointed during this last world trip of mine. Everywhere—Athens, Istanbul, Paris, Rome—they play American music in the night clubs."

Mr. Stowe shook his head. "It's a very sad process, but we must admit it's happening. Takako-san, you can perform the external movements of the tea ceremony, but the inner spirit is gone. That's it, isn't it? In other words, you are no longer Japanese."

This conclusion alarmed me, all the more so because, in the mood of the moment, it threatened to be true.

"Oh, no," I hastened to protest. "A girl may prefer an American movie to the tea ceremony, and I guess that's normal for sixteen-year-olds. But that doesn't mean she can't understand the ceremony. It's just that she doesn't understand it in a foreigner's way. She may not be aware that she understands. Still, she may perform it with perfect grace . . ." I stopped, confused.

"But that's only a guess. How do you know she understands? Tell me."

"Well . . ."

"Mastering the movements is nothing."

"All right, perhaps she doesn't understand. But that doesn't prove she is not Japanese. Because Japan is changing and . . . if something is dead we must have the courage to recognize that it is dead."

"Ah, it's terrible," sighed Mr. Stowe, "but thank God there are still people who do it with the old atmosphere. I know there are. You are an exception, Takako-san; you are mentally outside Japan! You must admit that."

I SAW that my attempt had failed. Trying to break through the wall, all I had achieved was to have myself uprooted as a solitary exception and dragged to the other side of the wall, on the side of those who did not understand Japan! Simply because I failed to behave like Mr. Stowe's image of a Japanese, I was no longer Japanese.

Most melancholy of all was my own confusion. What if the American were right? Was I really Japanese, or not? I felt far from all my friends, who were now, at this hour, probably preparing to go to bed at home. Since there was a wall between different generations and between individuals of the same nationality—between Mr. Stowe and Mrs. Jones—perhaps I had been trying to do the impossible.

The Englishman looked at me contemptuously down his narrow nose as if to say, "You have lost your tradition, but I have kept mine."

Mrs. Jones, disenchanted with me, turned her attention to a young Japanese seated by her.

"I have heard that the younger generation here suffers from a loss of values. Do you go for spiritual guidance to anybody?"

"I beg your pardon?" My fellow countryman, obviously a gay young man about town, was round-eyed with bewilderment. Mrs. Jones repeated her question.

"Spiritual? No, no," he waved his hand, utterly abashed.

"It must be very difficult."

"Oh, no, no; it is all right," he stammered. I have seldom seen anyone look more sheepish.

The music was playing again.

MR. STOWE'S dictum that I was not Japanese continued to haunt me as I left the dinner party and took a taxi to the station. But already all the lights and sounds of the night of Tokyo were working upon me to liberate me from the verdict. When I stood by the newsstand on the platform and heard my own pure Tokyo accent naming the title of a weekly periodical, I was reassured. Even the sound of the train roaring into the station was an embrace of welcome. Engulfed by the common and the ordinary, I surrendered myself with gratitude, for this was how life pulsed all over the world, once you peeled away the picture-book glaze.

The next day was a fine one. I donned my dark-green sweater and

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beige skirt—for garish colors were against the rules of the ceremony—and boarded the bus to go for my weekly lesson. Our tea sessions were unusual in that the six members were all from the same high-school class. Even the teacher, Noriko, was our age. She was older only in her training in the art, which numbered seven years, already establishing her as a young master. She had just finished college and was working for an M.A. in French literature. What I enjoyed particularly about our group was its variety. Three of us, including myself, held university degrees. One had gone to work in a department store after high school. The other two had graduated from junior colleges and were now preparing to be brides.

On the bus I thought of Mr. Stowe and looked forward to my lesson with apprehension. Was the spirit lost for me, as the American had declared?

The bus that took me to Noriko's house passed by the beach. As it turned left to run along the coastline, a beautiful wave came into my sight. Before it broke, poised for a fraction of a second sculptured against the vast water beyond, it became the color of translucent jade, catching the rays of the low winter sun shining into it from the back. Then it tumbled forward into white foam and glided with joy and ease over the flat surf. What could be more free and effortless than the white foam, dancing and rushing and tumbling in the sunlight?

"Umi," "the sea," *"la mer,"* I whispered the name in three languages. The sea was wonderful because it was simple and ordinary. It was the same for everyone, everywhere. The sea was not exotic.

The bus traveled by a point where a limestone cliff covered with slanting pines jutted out into the water. Here the sea was deeper and the play of waves more capricious. Unexpectedly, a little white wave leapt into existence on the swirling blue surface and came dancing diagonally toward the cliff. "That's me," I thought absently, but only for an instant, for the next moment the wave widened rapidly sideways until it too became a broad line of snowy foam. ". . . and my friends," I added, laughing to myself.

In the tea room the steam from the old kettle hissed with a hypnotic softness. The panes of the glass door along the corridor were dimmed with vapor, so that the only thing you could see of the garden beyond was the ghostly outline of the bamboo leaves, as if through a thick fog. All this was familiar, yet I no longer took anything for granted. I could not help glancing about the room, turning over every detail in my mind. No color, gesture, or design was ever repeated in the tea room. I had always known this to be so, but now I asked why. Formerly, the simplicity of the tea room was so much part of our life that it seemed self-evident; it would have been superfluous to seek an explanation. I had taken it in my stride, as I had taken the trains and busses of Tokyo and my university studies. But had I been trying to do the grotesque and the impossible? Did the ceremony belong to the past, harshly out of harmony with the present?

My friend Machiko, one of the prospective brides and a great ski enthusiast, was serving tea. Noriko sat in the place of guests of honor. I was the second guest, and the cup Machiko was preparing now was intended for me.

While getting ready the materials in the anteroom, Machiko had chatted gaily about her forthcoming ski trip to the Japan Alps, the condition of the snow, and a new warm sweater she was knitting for herself. Her delicate voice was as soothing as the sound of the steam. Then there was a sudden hush whose faintly comic note was erased in the next instant by Machiko's beauty as she bowed to us. We returned the bow. Machiko wore a charcoal-gray sweater with a white cotton collar turned down over the V neck, and a gray tweed skirt. I watched, struck by the withdrawn look on her finely chiseled face innocent of make-up. And the grace of her movements awoke in every passing second a keener and keener sense of its irrevocability. The timeless pattern—always the same but never again as it was realized in this instant—and the vision of the jade-colored breaking wave flashed before my eyes, putting to rest the turmoil of ideas in my head. This was our privilege, the privilege of human beings, that we can cherish a second and split it into an infinity of love and longing. Now I could understand why Showo, a great tea master of the past, had purposefully left his flower vase empty one snowy morning. He had wanted to immerse himself in the never-to-return present of the cold morning, concentrated in the snow.

I saw that the ceremony of tea was a confrontation and fusion with the unique and the irrevocable. Never again. For even if we were to meet tomorrow, we would have changed. And all the more precious because it could never be repeated. Each of us was unique but also equal, for all were equal before the passage of time, equal in the cup we exchanged. Machiko put the completed cup by the hearth, and kneeling, I advanced to take it. Inside the cup, the pale green bubbles shone gently—a miniature version of the bubbles of the surf, but reflecting, instead of the sun, ourselves. This was the liquid that our masters of the past had exchanged with their friends, rejoicing that they had happened to meet within the vast and capricious scheme of time. "To meet in life" was the expression they liked. But with the joy of meeting, one felt a regret for all those whom one might have met but had to miss because they had lived long ago or far away. Why shouldn't Machiko have been a contemporary of Showo, who had loved the snow that morning four hundred years ago? Or someone who had lived even longer ago or farther away, in Europe or India? It was then I realized that no modern contrivance could drive a wedge between generations of human beings. Machiko slowly bearing the water pitcher to the hearth and Machiko flying down the immaculate slope with her lips parted in exhilaration were no longer contradictory pictures.

As I drank the faintly bitter liquid, I thought of Machiko and myself and Noriko. I also thought of Mr. Stowe, Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Benson, and all those who were living now on the earth, and those who had lived and died, and those who were not yet born.

The wall was no longer there.

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James C. Hagerty: Third Man in Network News

NAT HENTOFF

THE FIRST clamorous effect of Alger Hiss's momentary return to public life on Howard K. Smith's "The Political Obituary of Richard Nixon" was the vehement objection of sponsors, veterans' groups, and a sizable section of the populace at large, few of whom had actually seen the show. Once the storm began to subside, however, it became clear that the one man who had emerged from the tumult with most credit was James C. Hagerty, vice-president in charge of news, special events, and public affairs at the American Broadcasting Company. Supported by President Kennedy, FCC Chairman Newton Minow, LeRoy Collins (president of the National Association of Broadcasters), and the American Civil Liberties Union, Hagerty had gone on television himself to warn: "If we are weakened, you are weakened, for if through fear or intimidation we fail to provide all the news—good or bad, favorable or unfavorable—then you, the citizens of the nation, cannot be properly informed."

Off the air, Hagerty emphasized recently that the threats of sponsor cancellation and the thunder from the right-wing press ("Smith's 'Obit' on Nixon an Obit for TV Analysis," proclaimed the New York *Daily News*) had convinced him that even more analysis and commentary was necessary on television. "You can't just tell what happened if you're doing your job," Hagerty said with a characteristic tight smile. "You have to tell how and why. You have to interpret. And you can't just do it in documentaries. Too often they're not as up-to-date as they should be, and they tend to avoid many important subjects just because someone fears they may be too controversial." At ABC, Hagerty intends to add more commentators as well as increase the amount of background information and investigative reporting on the network's regular news programs.

Hagerty has been the third man in network news since January 23, 1961. When he first came to ABC, the youngest and least prestigious of the networks, its news operation consisted largely of putting John Charles Daly on the air for fifteen minutes once a day. As an indication of how understaffed the department was, there were only two ABC reporters in Europe. Hagerty gave himself three years to put what a competitor at the time described as "that third-class setup" in serious contention with his rivals.

"WE COULDN'T do everything at once," he told me. "The first job was more manpower and more time on the air." ABC's news staff has expanded swiftly, both domestically and abroad. Bureaus were added, for example, in Moscow, Berlin, Rome, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Nairobi, and Tokyo, along with a greatly increased number of stringers throughout the world. The Washington and New York staffs were more than doubled, and the news departments at ABC's owned and operated stations were also greatly strengthened.

In a year, Hagerty had tripled the time devoted to "hard news" on the network (now 205 minutes a week). The current four daily newscasts include *American Newsstand,* a program directed specifically at young viewers, as well as the only network-produced late-evening news summary. "If a network news department goes off the air at 7 or 7:30," Hagerty pointed out, "you have to leave too many stories dangling. Similarly, I think it's unfortunate that there's so little network news on weekends—from any network. That's another area we're working on. After all, the news doesn't stop on Saturdays and Sundays."

Documentaries, discussion shows, and news specials have also multiplied on ABC. As a whole, their quality is still below that of similar ventures on CBS and NBC; but one series, *Close-Up,* is evolving into one of the two or three most consistently provocative examples of interpretive news on television. (Its "Walk in My Shoes" has yet to be excelled as a harshly realistic probe of American race relations.)

Hagerty is also continually prodding the consciences of ABC affiliates around the country and has thereby considerably increased the number of stations carrying his news and public-affairs programs. When Daly left ABC, only thirty-eight stations were carrying his news summary. Now a hundred schedule the daily Ron Cochran round-up at 6:30 (EST), and *Close-Up* reaches 160.

Hagerty has had his troubles. While thoroughly accurate counts on the amount spent by each network for its news operation are hard to come by, trade sources estimate that NBC and CBS are now spending an annual gross of between $25 million and $30 million each. In 1961, ABC's budget was about $6 million, and it is now closer to $12 million.

One result of the third network's lesser financial resources is that it does not have its own fully equipped and staffed camera division. Currently, UPI-Fox Movietone shoots about ninety per cent of ABC's news and documentary film. It is very difficult to set and maintain quality standards unless a network has its own crew, trained and experienced in the particular styles of the network's news producers. ABC would have to invest a million dollars to get such a camera department started, and there would be a minimal additional cost of $2 to $3 million a year to keep the operation going. It is ABC's hope that as more of its news shows are sold, it will in five years or so be able to shoot seventy per cent of its own film, depend on its affiliates for another ten per cent, and rely on UPI-Fox Movietone for the remainder.

IN ALL AREAS—not just in filming—Hagerty intends to stimulate the news staffs at ABC's affiliates to take an increasing part in the network's news shows. "That way," he said, "we'll get much more *national* news instead of having almost everything come from Washington and New York."

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Another problem for Hagerty is the lack of income-producing "star" names. At NBC, Huntley and Brinkley's daily quarter-hour brings in about $13 million a year. Walter Cronkite's CBS summary adds almost as much to the operating capital of CBS News. By contrast, the best-known newsman on ABC, Ron Cochran, now accounts for about $3.5 million annually through his evening show.

Obviously it takes a considerable amount of time and continued exposure for a newscaster to develop "star" drawing power. Hagerty, however, has complicated the situation at ABC by his insistence on what he terms the "by-line theory" of television reporting. Many of Hagerty's additions to his news staff are former newspapermen—among them William Lawrence of the New York *Times,* John Scali of the Associated Press, and Fendall Yerxa, former managing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune.* Hagerty's credo is "first-hand reporting of the news from trained reporters who personally cover the news."

Hagerty is acidulously critical of "those 'reporters' who are on the air just because of their pear-shaped tones." He likes to recall that in the years when he was accrediting newsmen, "Some radio and television voices never attended Presidential press conferences, to say nothing of the twice-daily conferences I was holding to report on important decisions of the President. There are also individuals who have never been to Capitol Hill to cover the Congress, or to the State Department, or to any other departments and agencies of the government. Yet every day these voices report on the news from Washington and give the impression that they have personal knowledge of these events."

In practice, Hagerty's approach failed to take into account the fact that many trained reporters are not especially skillful at "projecting" themselves on the air. Some of ABC's former newspapermen tended to sound and look bland or just ill at ease. The Hagerty recruits have been gaining some confidence with experience, but it remains true, as Jack Gould of the New York *Times* said of ABC's election-night coverage this past November, that "the ABC news department obviously needs further time to develop a crisper and more assured style." *Variety* adds that whether Hagerty can bring more "star and showmanship appeal" to the news and still "remain true to his basic tv news credo remains the Ripley of the year."

The answer, Hagerty feels, is more production personnel to coach his newscasters and present them more arrestingly. In the past few weeks, nine more men have been added to ABC's news production staff, and a long-term contract has been signed with a specialist in graphics. His assignment is to change the rather dun look of ABC's news sets and otherwise freshen the visual accoutrements of its news programs, some of which have too closely resembled venerable movie newsreels.

BESIDES his "by-line theory," Hagerty has insisted that his overseas reporters be fluent in the languages of the areas they cover. "I have no patience," he said, "with the old-line approach of the foreign correspondent who hires a translator to tell him what the local papers are saying. I respect the tradition of Reuters, for one example. I never met one of its correspondents who didn't know the language of his beat. In fact, I never met a Spanish press man or a French press man who couldn't speak French, English, and Spanish. But I've seldom met an American newspaperman who could speak both those other languages."

Hagerty accordingly has inaugurated a policy under which ABC News will pay half the cost for anybody in the news department who will take a language course. And except for his man in Nairobi, all of Hagerty's present staff men overseas speak the language of their areas of assignment. Furthermore, to make sure that he will have a qualified replacement for Sam Jaffe, head of ABC's Moscow Bureau, Hagerty granted a nine-month leave of absence with differential pay to ABC Radio News Editor Henry Hicks when the latter won a Ford Foundation fellowship for an intensive course in the Soviet Union at Columbia University.

The growing ABC news staff is, to a large extent, young and hungry. Nearly twenty of the Hagerty addi-

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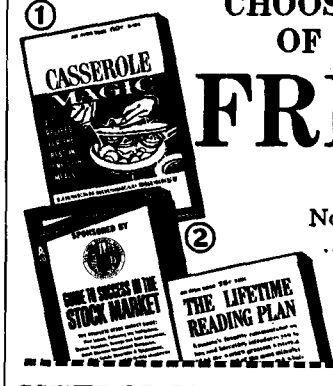

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tions have been from CBS, primarily because Hagerty's second in command and chief recruiter, Robert Lang, is a former executive at CBS News. "The Establishment over there," one of those who transferred told me, "is very well entrenched. We knew our best chance to move up would be here where so much building is going on so fast."

During his two years at ABC, Hagerty has made one thoroughly unprecedented move. Last August, he hired Malvin Goode, a veteran reporter for the Pittsburgh *Courier*. Goode, whose assignment is the United Nations, thereby became the first Negro with an on-camera role as a network reporter. (He has yet to be seen frequently, but he will appear more and more often, says Hagerty, as he develops experience.)

There was little special publicity when Goode was hired. The ABC press release announcing his arrival didn't even mention his race. "It was more important," said Hagerty, "that Goode succeed rather than our first making a fuss about his coming here. Sure I went out to look for a Negro. We'd never had one; no one else had; and it was time we did."

WITH A YEAR TO GO on his self-imposed challenge to take ABC News out of the minor leagues, Hagerty intends to concentrate not only on improving the production of his news programs but also on getting more hard news on the air and more prime time for all of his public-affairs programming. "The fact that entertainment outrates news shows is something you have to live with at any network," said Hagerty. "But I think I'll be getting more evening time. And I don't get discouraged in any case, because even with a so-called low rating, you're talking in terms of millions of viewers. I also think it may be possible to place some news into a context in which you already have a large audience—like between halves of a football game."

As for controversy in forthcoming ABC news programs, Hagerty, still bristling over attempts to retaliate against his network because of the Alger Hiss appearance, said: "I would agree with Howard K. Smith that 'people have gotten unaccustomed to controversy and it's gotten very hard for them to hear a different point of view from whatever view they hold.'"

It is Hagerty's intention to reaccustom ABC's audiences to diverse views. On a wall in his office, there is a framed excerpt from the recent Pilkington Report on British television. "All broadcasting," it reads, "and television especially, must be ready and anxious to experiment, to show the new and unusual, to give a hearing to dissent. Here, broadcasting must be most willing to make mistakes; for if it does not, it will make no discoveries."

Greetings from Emkwig

HAYES JACOBS

ANY DAY NOW I can expect to receive through the mail my annual greeting from Emkwig Mifswissimin, my friend in London, SW1. Good old Emkwig! It just wouldn't be Christmas without his large, handsome steel engraving of a sailing ship (every year a different one) on a rich fold of parchment and inside, his own signature—written large as life and twice as baffling—beneath the printed message of cheer.

Every Christmas since some time in the middle forties I have had a card from Emkwig. I regret that I didn't give him credit for having sent the first one, which, after a hurried glance at the signature, I thought was from Ankwis McSninnimis. Fortunately, though, I saved it, and when the following year Emkwig's card arrived, I realized my mistake.

Emkwig is my only friend in all of London. If I should ever find myself stranded over there without funds I know I could ring him up and quickly arrange for the loan of a few pounds, with no questions asked, and that's the kind of friend to have. (Emkwig is loaded; those cards he sends must come quite dear.)

A local friend who is a sailing enthusiast was struck immediately by the nautical motif on one of Emkwig's cards. "Say," he said, "here's a beauty. Who sent this one?"

"Emkwig Mifswissimin," I said. "My friend in London."

He flipped the card open and looked at the signature. "Funny handwriting," he said. "I wouldn't take that to be Mifswissimin at all. It looks more like Ontwin Wiltcinnamon to me."

"Well, it isn't," I said. "I don't know any Wiltcinnamons. Not well enough, anyway, to get a card from them."

"Wait," he said "It *isn't* Wiltcinnamon. It's Macintosh. Agrish or Arthur Macintosh. It *looks* more like *Arthur*. Yes, that's it! Arthur Macintosh. Maybe it's a men's clothing store, Arthur's Macintoshes."

"Nonsense," I said. "My friend is not a place of business. He's a *person*. Emkwig is a rich gentleman with a house in London and a place in the country. His family made its money in shipping, and still has it."

"I never heard of any Mifswissimins in shipping," he said. "I never heard of any Mifswissimins anywhere," he added.

"They're publicity-shy, the Mifswissimins," I said. "Always have been. They stay out of the public eye as far as possible."

IT HAD OCCURRED to me quite early in our relationship that Emkwig must be a bachelor or a widower; otherwise the cards would be from him and his wife: *Emkwig and Dwowty Mifswissimin*. Or *Emkwig and Skwuth*.

No, here was a man alone. If there had ever been a Dwowty or a Skwuth in his life, there was none now. Was she dead, or had she run off to the south of France with a Parisian picture dealer, one M. Dswamand Albtmois? If so, I fancy the only word he has from her now is: "Cheers from Skwuthie and Dswamand." Pretty impersonal.

Cruel Skwuth. Poor Emkwig. If my thoughtful friend in London just once would think to put his return address on the envelope, I would send *him* a card, by air mail. That's how much I think of him.

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 69

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A.
106 66 6 114 16
A strongly built English cart.

B.
30 154 204 72 108 14
"Secondo mio infallibile _____ come giusta vendetta giustamente vengiata fosse, . . ." Dante, "Paradiso."

C.
20 128 210 160 118
A term applied to the profligate friends of the Duc d'Orleans. (1720).

D.
188 102 96 184 8 132 76 110 42
"Vive l'amour! et vive la_____ ." Laurence Sterne, "A Sentimental Journey."

E.
200 164 10 28 212
A monster with a hundred eyes.

F.
86 138 162 62 38
"Je plie et ne_____ pas." Fontaine, "Le Chêne et le Roseau."

G.
214 50 58 152 120 68 220 44
Apportioned a sum payable.

H.
218 104 22 196 2 172 186 84 208
122 158 34 60
An epithet applied to the leading character in Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory." (7,6).

I.
140 136 12 124 4 174
"She swam to the bell-rope and grasped it for a _____" Beerbohm, "Euphemia Clashthought."

J.
198 78 166 130 90 224
Term sometimes applied to ladies' "unmentionables."

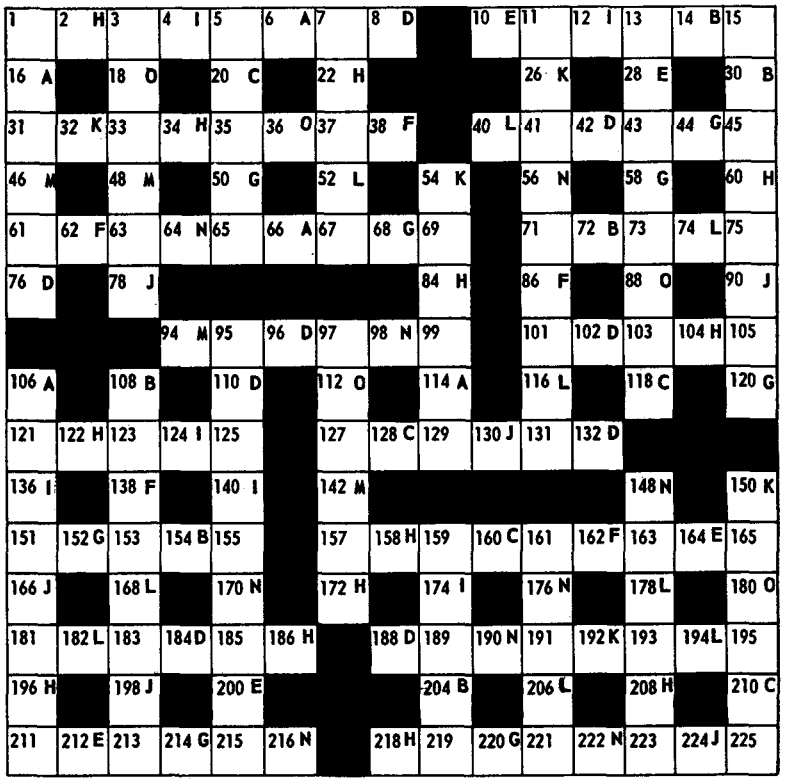
K.
150 192 32 26 54
Slang term for a carpenter on shipboard.

L.
178 206 168 52 74 194 40 116 182
Name of a famous airfield on Guadalcanal.

M.
48 142 94 46
"_____ is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe." Psalm 60, Book of Common Prayer.

N.
176 64 216 170 190 148 222 56 98
He made a friend of one with a thorny problem.

O.
112 88 36 180 18
"*That King, although*_____ *denies*/His heart was of abnormal size,/Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter."
Gilbert, "The Gondoliers" (2,3).



Across

1. The heavens should be this, as seen through such a window.
10. With 94 across, a principal work of the Acrostician (with "The"). (4, 2, 6).
31. Noises on board may lead to meetings!
40. Hangs on board or pays out?
61. This sort of dwelling, however hospitable, is no refuge in a storm (4, 5).
71. Mature in the trip ended recently.
94. See 10 across.
101. Solemn declarations may stick in the throat, sometimes.
121. Mirthless oriental transport leaves haystacks.
127. Give a dime to those who serve in prison (2,4).
151. The beginning of 157 is twisted and becomes something sensitive.
157. Bird talk will not be heard again.
181. When the family loses 50 and takes on a point, it may become an evil.
188. These in short about an other give these Greek letter men.
211. Slain for a penny, but not on Cuba, it's said, for example.
218. The new widow may be this, while her garden is not.

Down

1. An orchestral instrument is heard, but it stands for something else!
3. People who have these brook no denials (3,3).
5. A flower is almost a nationality.
7. Roderick Dhu in the east? Such a man, anyhow!
11. The poor, pure Member of Parliament may live in a space illuminated by 1 across (5,4).
13. Stargazers can hardly have these before their eyes!
15. This stronghold seems to be speedy.
54. A singing group may be found in the ninth month, and French at that!
95. Is 5 down and a man of luster to boot!
97. No nude can appear not fastened.
106. Bind with Iris when shipping from this old Italian port.
108. Indignant desire to know whether this corn is fully developed.
148. Is the company present? Tie it together.
150. With con, a group of opinion; as commonly misspelled otherwise enumeration.
159. Billy Budd's captain holds five with elan.
161. Dressed down and scolded.

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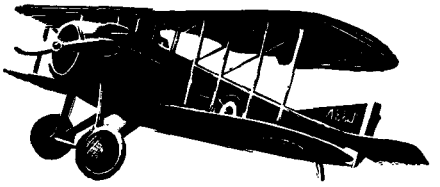

The Last Knights

EDWARD JABLONSKI

THE TINY Nieuport fighter, a wood-and-fabric biplane, burst into flame. Unperturbed, the helmeted and goggled pilot remained in the cockpit while the ground crew sprayed the plane's cowling with carbon dioxide. The ritual of "Switch off!" and "Contact!" was repeated; the rotary engine sputtered tentatively and flared again. Once more the men moved in with fire extinguishers. The pilot signaled for yet another try. Finally the engine caught. The Nieuport, cylinders revolving inside the now badly scorched cowling, taxied down the field, its path resembling the trajectory of a passionate bee. Suddenly and unexpectedly, the petite French war bird was *"En l'air!"*

This little drama, whose denouement might have been tragic, did not occur in 1917 "somewhere in France" but a couple of summers ago at the vast Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio. The spectators were representatives of the burgeoning sect of World War I aviation devotees attending the Army Air Force Museum's first World War I reunion. The Army's count of the day's attendance was 250,000.

THE PILOT of the Nieuport was thirty-five-year-old Cole Palen of Rhinebeck, New York, whose hobby is the collecting, restoration, and flying of the historic fighter craft of the First World War. Palen, a World War II infantryman, farmer, and mechanic, is one of the more than five thousand part-time pilots devoted to the antique aircraft hobby, a movement unified and nurtured by the Antique Airplane Association of Oskaloosa, Iowa. Organized in 1953 with a thousand members, the association defines an antique airplane as any flown before World War II—a loose definition that admits any fabric-covered plane with an open cockpit, including as exceptions a few cabin sport planes of the 1930's. The association's elite specializes in World War I crates and in reviving the glamor of the first war in the air by invoking such legendary names as Lufbery, Bishop, Guynemer, Ball, von Richthofen, and the American "Ace of Aces," Eddie Rickenbacker. Rickenbacker attended the Dayton reunion along with 338 other World War I combat pilots.

The almost fanatical interest in the old planes and the men who flew them is a tribute to the unique heroism of the World War I pilot. He was not only expected to tilt with the enemy a mile or two above the earth but also to fly the most unpredictable aircraft ever built. The Sopwith Camel, for example—flown at the Air Force Museum's reunion by owner-collector Frank Tallman—was hell on green pilots. Only the ablest flier could make a right turn in a Camel, otherwise it lurched into a deadly spin. The Nieuports had a disconcerting tendency to shed wing fabric—if not the entire wing—in a steep dive. Spads were called, not without good reason, "flying bricks." All of the planes were airborne fire hazards, and their quirks have not been improved by age.

Coaxing one of these restored planes into the air today calls for cold mettle, a constantly alert operating skill, and dedication. The power plant of Cole Palen's Nieuport, a forty-year-old LeRhône rotary engine, operates at two speeds: On and Off. No throttle, no carburetor—just nine cylinders windmilling under the cowling. When Palen wants to cut speed, as when he is taxiing, he manages that by means of a *coupe* button in the cockpit that shorts the ignition system. Though power is off, both propeller and engine continue to revolve—at different speeds, which all but precludes stability. The trick is to kick in the spark again before the prop stops turning. Meanwhile, the mixture of gas and castor oil (for lubrication) which is not being consumed sprays from the exhaust ports onto the cowling and fuselage. Cole Palen is then piloting a potential inferno.

No true antique collector would consider sullying his plane with modern replacement parts. One World War I hobbyist, his constancy exceeding his instinct for survival, is incapable of touching 1962 solder to the radiator of his 1918 Spad. Consequently it leaks and flying it is an uncertain adventure.

WORLD WAR I aviation zealots are not limited to membership in the Antique Airplane Association; even greater numbers engage in vicarious aviating through books and model building. Catering to book pilots in New York is Gordon's, a narrow Fifty-ninth Street magazine-book-card shop that also deals in automobiliana. Gordon's stocks domestic and imported books and magazines, even a long-playing record released by Riverside, "World War I Fighter Planes in Action." The World War I buff may now pore over his folios replete with photographs, three-view drawings of the planes, biographies, and performance esoterica to the accompaniment of a dogfight in hi-fi.

Out-of-print books, even the pulp magazines of the 1930's (remember *Daredevil Aces, The Lone Eagle, G-8 and His Battle Aces,* and *Wings?*), command stiff prices from a handful of specialists. Once begun on an aviation library, the true buff seems driven to go the limit. This could reach the $20,000 paid the American Library Service by a Texan for one aviation library of a thousand volumes—a gift to his alma mater.

Model building, the most accessible form of the hobby, while not as adventurous as flying antiques or as

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expensive as collecting books, is bigger business. The Hobby Industry Association claims that model-aircraft sales amount to $20 to $30 million a year. Not all of this goes for World War I kits, but an impressive share does. One of the dramatic effects of the World War I mania has been the rejuvenation of the balsawood kit industry. A World War II casualty, the balsa kits were all but finished by the introduction of postwar plastic kits. Time has proved that plastic and balsa may survive side by side. One balsa-kit manufacturer, Paul K. Guillow, now manufactures balsa tissue-covered kits but uses plastic for such difficult-to-make parts as propellers, cowlings, machine guns, and scale wheels. Revell, Inc., has a line of rather large-scale plastic World War I kits. Its amazingly detailed Spad not only reproduces the engine (which is concealed under the hood) but even the wrinkles in the fabric. A survey conducted by Revell revealed that most of the kits are bought and assembled by adults.

One enthusiast, the singer Mel Torme, has collected an impressive library on World War I flying and several thousand feet of film clips, ranging from scenes from Hollywood air epics to newsreel shots. He is one of the founders of the Cross and Cockade, a society of World War I aero historians with a worldwide membership. Its quarterly publishes articles about the rigging of the planes, interviews with surviving fliers, blueprints and photographs, even a carefully researched piece about the shade of camouflage used on the German Fokkers.

ACCORDING TO a model manufacturer's survey, psychologist Edwin P. Schneidman attributes "a major motivation in the interest in World War I planes to a subliminal rejection of present day push-button electronic flying and a nostalgic desire to return to those days when man challenged man and flew by the seat of his pants . . ."

Cole Palen, contemporary exemplar of those last fighting individualists, offers as his incitement to subliminal rejection a comment worthy of the original aces. When asked why he ventured to fly a highly inflammable Nieuport or Spad, he replied succinctly, "I don't know."

she sleeps on the earthen floor

Nga, Vietnamese, age 4. Lives with mother, sister and brother in shed with thatched roof and beaten earth floor. Mother ill with heart disease. Cannot work. Older sister also seriously ill earns 27¢ per day. Family sold only possession . . . a bed for $2.08. Mother looks on children with despair. Help to Nga means hope, life itself to whole family. Help vital.

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BOOKS

Seven Voices

M. L. ROSENTHAL

THE JACOB'S LADDER, by Denise Levertov. *New Directions. $1.55.*

KADDISH AND OTHER POEMS 1958-1960, by Allen Ginsberg. *City Lights Books. $1.50.*

ALL MY PRETTY ONES, by Anne Sexton. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

POEMS, by Alan Dugan. *Yale University Press. $1.25.*

VIEWS OF JEOPARDY, by Jack Gilbert. *Yale University Press. $1.25.*

PREFACE TO A TWENTY VOLUME SUICIDE NOTE, by Le Roi Jones. *Totem Press and Corinth Books. $1.25.*

THE OPENING OF THE FIELD, by Robert Duncan. *Grove Press. $1.45.*

A GOOD DEAL of interesting poetry has appeared in this country during the past year or two without, it seems to me, receiving the attention it deserves. Restraining as much as possible the urge to make generalizations about the state of American poetry today, I would like to call attention to seven of the new works, if only to indicate some of the directions in which our best talents are moving.

Let us begin with Denise Levertov's *The Jacob's Ladder,* a poetry of intense personal excitement striving at the same time for a self-contained, concentrated order. "A Solitude," about seeing a blind man on the subway, is characteristic:

A blind man. I can stare at him
ashamed, shameless. Or does he know it?
No, he is in a great solitude.

O, strange joy,
to gaze my fill at a stranger's face. . . .
When the man rises, the poet helps him out of the subway and across a street, guiding him by the hand. She has touched the awesome, blessedly unconscious presence of another being. She presents herself as all but voyeuristically greedy for the man's essence, needing the readiness of his strange hand more than he needs her guidance, risking a discovery of mere vulgarity at the heart of it all. The blind man, "his thoughts on his face like designs of light" that are "flickering on water," seems at first indifferent to the woman's offer to help, yet his hand goes out in response to her "instantly." The two hands come to "know one another" independently of their owners, in a childlike transport. The poet's debt to Lawrence and Buber, and her independent use of what she has learned, are self-evident.

In another poem, "A Sequence," we have a veiled narrative, through dialogue and oblique suggestion, about a husband and wife's effort to regain significant touch. The opening lines are deliberately subdued—a dim picture of a mechanically changing environment. Then a storm of bitter emotion overtakes the language and the poem grows violent for a moment in its struggle to overcome some failure of sympathy (a struggle that will be resolved in the relaxed joy at the end):

A changing skyline.
A slice of window filled in
by a middle-distance oblong
topped by little
moving figures.
You are speaking
flatly, "as one drinks a glass of
milk" (for calcium).
Suddenly the milk
spills, a torrent of black milk hurtles
through the room, bubbling and
seething into the corners.

These lines that begin "A Sequence" propose, of course, a very large issue. "Objective" and anti-human energies force us apart; will and passion are required to leap the widening gap. Miss Levertov's most ambitious attempt to meet this issue is her three-part sequence "During the Eichmann Trial." She builds it around bafflement at the meaning of Eichmann: his ideas of obedience and responsibility, his connection with the "spring of blood" that "gushed from the earth" during a mass burial, his killing of a boy slave-prisoner who stole fruit from his garden. The final poem of the sequence, "Crystal Night," omits reference to Eichmann himself, however. It is about the night of the wholesale smashing of Jewish shops and homes and the cruelties and killings that went with it. Not Eichmann but the empty horror he embodied now becomes both enemy and subject. Eichmann is transcended by the impersonal destructiveness epitomized in an imagery of flying fragments of ice and glass:

a polar tumult as when
black ice booms, knives
of ice and glass
splitting and splintering the silence into
innumerable screaming needles of
yes, now it is upon us, the jackboots
are running in spurts of
sudden blood-light . . .

The issue is harder to state than to resolve, and the victory of man over the forces his energy releases still harder to envisage. But we must admire the manner, at once dauntless and unpretentious, in which Miss Levertov goes at her work.

ANOTHER moving book published not long ago is Allen Ginsberg's *Kaddish and Other Poems.* Perhaps the chief accomplishment of his first book, *Howl and Other Poems,* was to give maddened voice to the more depressing statistics of the day—the rise in mental illness, drug addic-

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tion, and homosexuality—and to the morally anarchic mood that came in the wake of the war and the cold war, of McCarthyism, and of the Bomb. Now the long poem *Kaddish* lays open the personal experience behind this voice. In accordance with the Hebrew meaning of the title, it is both a hymn of praise to God and an elegiac incantation inspired by the death of the poet's mother. Using the actual names of people in his family and describing presumably actual events, the poet reveals the lives of the Ginsbergs as unbearable long before he himself was born. Naomi (he calls his mother by her given name throughout) was one of thousands of Russian-Jewish immigrants who brought to this country a revolutionary social idealism and a deep belief in the redemptive powers of education. For many the going was so hard they never broke through to enjoy their new land's wider and sunnier possibilities. Naomi became a Socialist and later a Communist, and also suffered a series of hysterical and paranoid seizures. *Kaddish* is dense with traumatic memories. We see mad Naomi being taken by her twelve-year-old son Allen to a "rest home" from which they were "kicked out" when she "hid behind a closet—demanded a blood transfusion." We see Naomi hideously incontinent; Naomi kicking her bedridden, dying sister in a frenzied effort to get information from her about "spies" and "poisoners"; Naomi displaying her operation-scarred, deteriorated body to her sons. Mr. Ginsberg is merciless in presenting what would normally be the secret wounds of family life.

Still, it is a tender, affectionate poem. The form, even the syntax, is improvisational—piled-up notes on Naomi's habits and sayings and on particular incidents, interwoven with echoes of Hebrew prayer and with the poet's own insights, prophesying, dreaming, and praise of life in the face of the horror. *Kaddish* does not lend itself to brief quotation. One has to stick with its thirty-six pages to feel its qualities beyond the hasty composition of long sections, the impressions of maudlin bawling and exhibitionism, the *disgrace* on which the whole thing is premised. Gradually the finer tones emerge: the pity of wasted life energies; the gray unhappiness of the father, painted so palely and gently that the restraint is itself a kind of violence; the view of Naomi as beauty made ugly by a world that is far too much for her. One passage may give some hint of this side of the poem. Naomi is speaking as it begins, Allen as it ends:

"Yesterday I saw God. What did he look like? Well, in the afternoon I climbed up a ladder—he has a cheap cabin in the country, like Monroe, NY the chicken farms in the wood. He was a lonely old man with a white beard.

"I cooked supper for him. I made him a nice supper—lentil soup, vegetables, bread & butter—miltz—he sat down at the table and ate, he was sad.

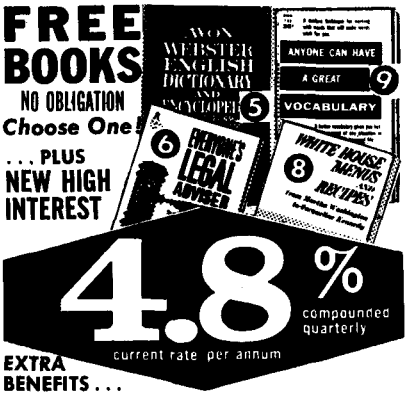
"I told him, Look at all those fightings and killings down there. What's the matter? Why don't you put a stop to it?

"I try, he said—That's all he could do, he looked tired. He's a bachelor so long and he likes lentil soup."

Serving me meanwhile, a plate of cold fish—chopped raw cabbage dript with tapwater—smelly tomatoes—week-old health food—grated beets & carrots with leaky juice, warm—more and more disconsolate food—I can't eat it for nausea sometimes—the Charity of her hands stinking with Manhattan, madness, desire to please me, cold undercooked fish—pale red near the bones. Her smells—and oft naked in the room, so that I stare ahead, or turn a book ignoring her.

Despite sentimentality, unnecessary allusions to his own literary clique and to private matters irrelevant to the poem, and grandiose mannerisms, Ginsberg does realize something unspeakably touching and provocative of anger against the way things are. When the language comes through, accurate in its phrasing and passion and right in its cadence, his poem becomes the most daring of love poems and the most telling of cultural indictments. There are times, as well, when he speaks in quite conventional but touching terms of the sadness of change.

ANNE SEXTON's poetry, comparable in its pain and deep disturbance and frankness to *Kaddish,* is far different in tone. Her one previous volume, *To Bedlam and Part Way Back,* had a number of pieces about her mental illness, which ran its course and was treated under far better conditions than Mrs. Ginsberg's. To



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note this fact is unjust for obvious reasons, yet it reflects one crucial difference in the worlds of these authors and the styles that express them. It may be silly, too, to argue that being poor and neglected makes it harder to go mad with any dignity, but reading these books forces this pathetic truth on us and forces us to recognize how important a writer's life experience is to his whole method, not just to his subject matter. Be that as it may, Mrs. Sexton's present collection, *All My Pretty Ones*, is still shadowed by the bitter melancholy of the earlier volume. She takes for granted what Mr. Ginsberg feels he must prove, the significance of the psychic breakdown about which she writes, and can "afford" simply to show what she has been through and to use a certain restraint. Her manner, learned from Robert Lowell and W. D. Snodgrass, is at once confessional and understated. A line like "Father, this year's jinx rides us apart" might easily have come from Mr. Lowell's *Life Studies*. I make this comment sympathetically, and do not mean to deny that Mrs. Sexton comes through strongly in her own thoroughly feminine way. The problem does exist, though.

A number of the new poems center on the deaths of Mrs. Sexton's parents, neither yet sixty, within a few months of one another. She evokes some of the same terror of the flesh that we feel in *Kaddish*, and as in that poem the emphasis (with love) is on parental weaknesses that were crucial in the poet's early unhappiness. A great difference is in the ultimately more clinical, self-analytical character of Mrs. Sexton's elegies (or anti-elegies) and other poems. Another is the exquisite lyric purity she achieves over and above her energetic self-pursuit and self-exposure. "The Starry Night" is one instance:

> The town does not exist
> except where one black-haired tree slips
> up like a drowned woman into the hot sky.
> The town is silent. The night boils with eleven stars.
> Oh starry starry night! This is how
> I want to die.

She can show a wry wit too, more precious than rubies when it appears, as for a moment in "The Operation":

> Clean of the body's hair,
> I lie smooth from breast to leg.
> All that was special, all that was rare
> is common here. . . .

The poetry of self-analysis is always in danger of making the poem's real object simply the clarification of the poet's literal personality, and of making the basis of its aesthetic form his purgation through confession or through discovery of hidden keys to his present condition. While Mr. Ginsberg tries for the main chance through the expense of spirit in a waste of language, Mrs. Sexton often gets the poem out of her private orbit through brilliant phrasing and an instinct for form. Both are more striking than Miss Levertov at first reading, but neither of them has yet matched her fulfillment of her potentialities by way of a form at once original, organic to her voice, and controlled.

ALAN DUGAN, winner of the Yale Younger Poets award in 1961, and Jack Gilbert, the 1962 winner, both have relatively high boiling

points and do *not* give the private game away. In an age that has been cultivating the art of a crisis of personality, their writing may seem to many promising but peripheral. Mr. Dugan's *Poems* bears some resemblances to Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* in its extroverted vigor, free vernacular, liberalism that is sometimes fresh and individual and sometimes only fashionable, and artistic unevenness. "Portrait from the Infantry" and "How We Heard the Name" will especially suggest the comparison by their clever anti-militarism from an insider's viewpoint, as it were. But the gently erotic romanticism of "On an East Wind from the Wars" (though it begins marvelously and then trails off) and the sexual exuberance of "Poem" and "On an Old Advertisement" will do so in other ways. Mr. Dugan's poetry comes as close as any we have to a sensitive expression of the normal male intelligence, with its sardonic but hardly revolutionary notation of the discrepancies between inner impulse and ideal values on the one hand and the way things are on the other. The poem about the prize fighter Hurricane Jackson is not his best but will suggest what I mean:

> Now his nose's bridge is broken, one eye
> will not focus and the other is a stray;
> trainers whisper in his mouth while one ear
> listens to itself, clenched like a fist;
> generally shadow-boxing in a smoky room,
> his mind hides like the aching boys
> who lost a contest in the Pan-Hellenic games
> and had to take the back roads home,
> but someone else, his perfect youth,
> laureled in newsprint and dollar bills,
> triumphs forever on the great white way
> to the statistical Sparta of the champs.

Mr. Gilbert is not entirely outside this rough world, but he seems a stranger there. His realm is largely that of preoccupation with love and desire, with pure sensation, and with the rigors of a poet's art and the question of his relation to an audience. If this makes him seem less "modern" that Mr. Dugan, I do not mean it so. His best poems have a heavily weighted, Keatsian sense of the pull and burden of sexuality. One of them has Don Giovanni as protagonist, defending his career as a pursuit not of "recreation" or of the grossness of "the impersonal belly" or of wild self-loss in "heart's drunkenness" but of the literal existential mysteries it has led him to discover, mysteries within himself and within the "archipelagoes of person" of the women he has known:

> . . . . O, through the underwater time of night,
> Indecent and still, to speak to her without habit. . . .
> I wish I could tell you how it is in that dark
> Standing in the huge singing and the alien world.

A number of the poems in Mr. Gilbert's *Views of Jeopardy* express revulsion at the sated aftermath of irresistible lust, an extension of the thought in a poem like Keats's "Ode on Melancholy." Mr. Gilbert is quite conscious of this literary ancestry and shows it in his "Letter to Mr. John Keats," which assumes an

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oversimplified spokesmanship for that poet. He is better when less conscious of himself as a literary footnoter, and is most Keatsian in a twentieth-century way when he sees his sensual involvement as partly a compulsive pattern rather than a pure value. In general, he seems to me very much on the right track both in the way he catches his own voice and in his disciplined freedom of cadence and diction. He can be intellectually rigorous and acidly satirical. Yet he is, with one or two other possible rivals, the most romantic and melody-making new poet I have read recently—and a crackling, sardonic realist at the same time.

LE ROI JONES'S *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note* is close to the spirit of modern jazz. Like Ginsberg, he improvises form and structure; but the principle is different. He tries something out, expands on it, repeats effects, drifts dreamily along wispy spirals of suggestion, grows tedious, pulls himself up short and does a beautiful solo for a minute or two. He has a natural gift for quick, vivid imagery and spontaneous humor, and his poems are filled with sardonic or sensuous or slangily knowledgeable passages set down on the run. If he can take his cleverness and facility in making momentarily vivacious effects a little in hand, he may acquire some of the character and incisiveness he now lacks. Meanwhile he represents an attractive current of youthful poetry that makes good use of the sparkling chatter and directness of his generation.

I HAVE LEFT Robert Duncan's *The Opening of the Field* for last out of cowardice. I have not wanted to face discussing it in a paragraph or two, for this book requires painstaking exploration. But let me at least note emphatically that while Mr. Duncan sets up various interferences to immediate rapport with his readers, he seems to me now the "experimental" poet with the richest talent we have. On the scene for a number of years, he has come into his maturity still relatively unknown because of the difficult, collage-like character of much of his writing. Five or six of the poems in the new book are much more available to new readers than the others, and I would suggest beginning with them. The opening poem, "Often I Am Permitted to Return to a Meadow," is one instance. Lovely in its sound modulations, nostalgic in its tone, it is remarkable for its flexible adaptations of line and stanza from early Italian conventions. Mr. Duncan here as in so much other work is at once piercing and unsentimental, and simultaneously conveys a feeling and explains the motivation of his conception and method. Another poem, "The Natural Doctrine," compares the radiance of the sun with that of words (I reduce the thought to barest bones, and without the marrow) as sources of joy and elements of the "actual language" of existence beyond all images. The sun holds a pre-intellectual meaning that antedates words, though words can help us toward that meaning and away from the trap of self-enmeshment. "A Poem of Despondencies" and "Out of the Black" take us to the other extreme of this thought, to the dark sense of desolate reality with which mystic and visionary dreamer alike must come to terms. The transcendent state of awareness that Mr. Duncan cultivates is perhaps most clearly projected in "Ingmar Bergman's *Seventh Seal*":

To throw ourselves down
helplessly, into happiness,
    into an age of our own, into
    our own days.
There where the pestilence roars,
where the empty riders of the horror go.

Where this poet carries us from such relatively simple and concentrated beginnings, to what ramifications of aesthetic theory and excursions into symbolic association, will depend in large measure on our readiness to accept his leadership for a bit and to trust the intensity and authority of his style. His imagination is worth such trust.

The importance of the self that is assumed in so much current American poetry is pursued beyond solipsism and confession in the best poems of Robert Duncan. He is the rare poet who can at least occasionally touch that humanistic reconciliation with life toward which all art tends.

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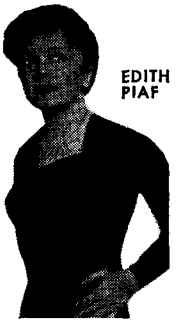

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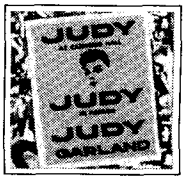

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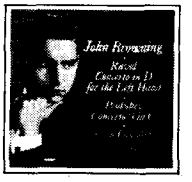

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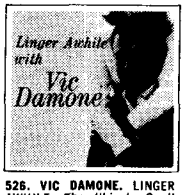

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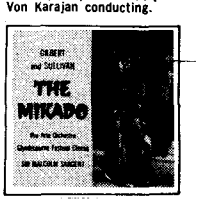

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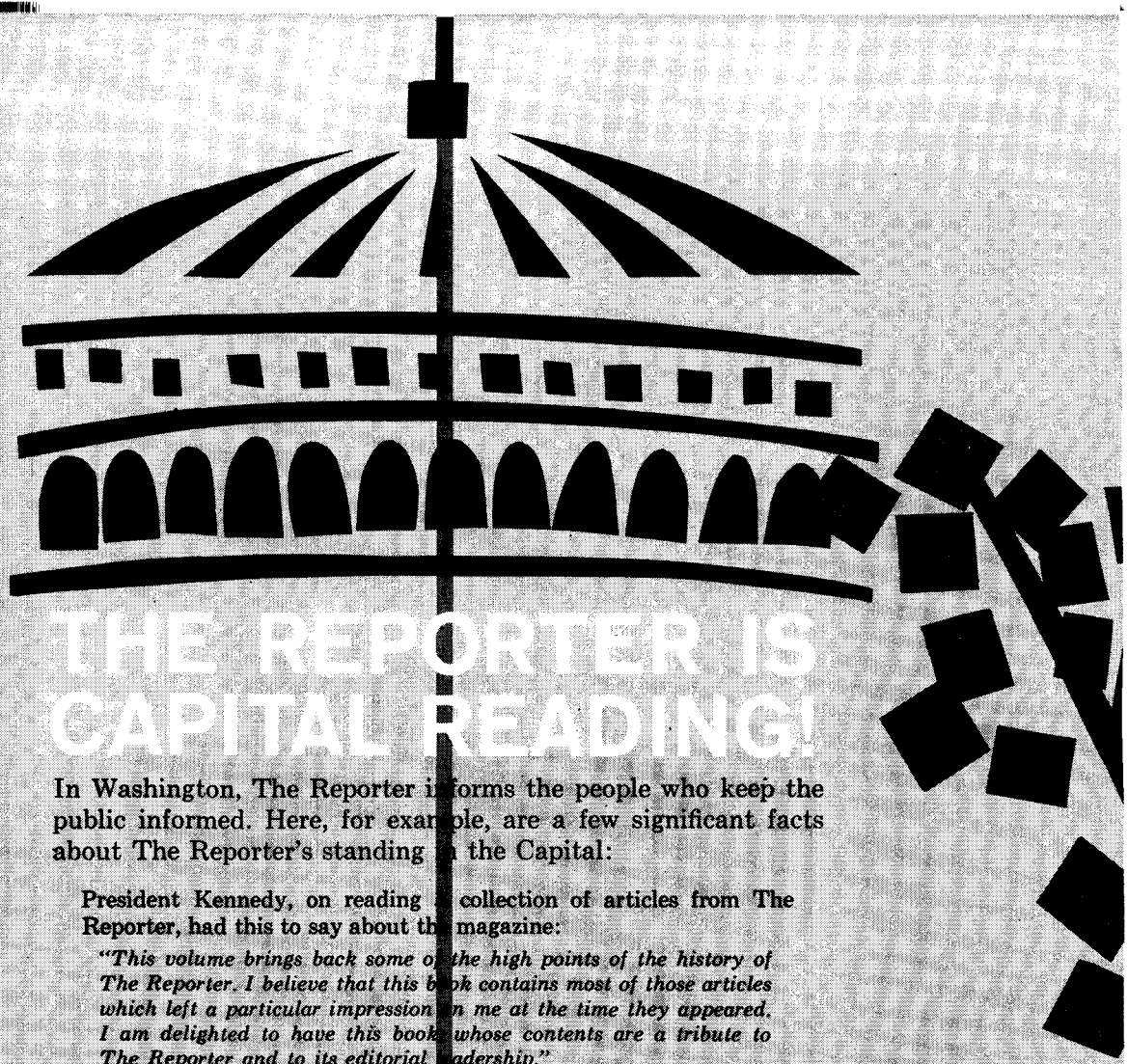

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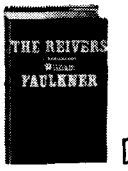

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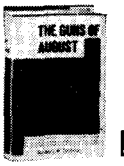

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